Moyola College Review



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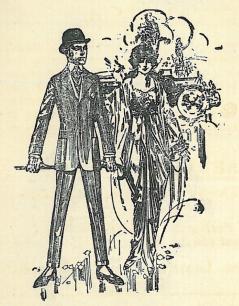
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Coyola College Review



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EDITORIAL

Encouraged by the hearty welcome accorded the first appearance of the LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW and by the many sincere and favourable criticisms received from competent sources, we feel greater confidence in sending forth this, our second number.

It has been most gratifying to those connected with the production and publication of the REVIEW to know that even in the first year of its existence it has realized its aim. Not only has it called forth among the present student body of Loyola a keener zest for literary effort, but it has brought the Alumni into closer touch with their College, and has been instrumental in reviving and fostering that spirit of mutual interest which is so beneficent to both.

Many pages of this year's REVIEW are devoted to the Loyola Boys at the front. We are proud of the fact that Loyola—by no means an old college—is so well represented in the ranks of the Empire's defenders. We publish in this issue a list of former students who are on active service. Any information that will enable us to correct and complete our list will be gratefully received.

Some of the Old Boys have helped us considerably with the REVIEW this year by sending us several very interesting letters and articles. As we said in the Editorial of our first number, we wish to make the REVIEW representative of Loyola in all its departments. For this, the co-operation of past students of the College is needed. We hope that from year to year the Old Boys will take a greater and greater part in our work.

♦ THE LOYOLA ARMS

Heraldic devices such as the design on the cover of THE LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW are not uncommonly referred to as crests. This, of course, is inaccurate. The crest in armoury is an abbreviated symbol, usually placed above the arms proper, representing some distinctive mark or ornament which was worn upon the helmet, while the arms, generally far more elaborate, were emblazoned on the knight's shield.

Our College has adopted as its coat-of-arms that of the Loyola family at the time of St. Ignatius. It is fully described in an authentic contemporary document, which guarantees the accuracy of the blazonry as we have it. St. Ignatius' elder brother, Don Martin Garcia of Oñaz and Loyola, who held the inheritance at that time, makes the following provision in his will:

"And whoever shall inherit this, my entailed estate, shall be bound to be called by my surname and ancestry of Oñaz and Loyola, and to wear and carry my arms and insignia in camp and wherever he may go. Which said arms of my said house and ancestry of Oñaz are seven red bars on a field of gold. And those of the house of Loyola, black pot-hangers and two grey wolves, with a kettle hung from said pot-hangers, which wolves aforesaid hold the kettle between them, and are attached on either side, each with their paws resting on the handle of said kettle; the whole to be placed on a white field, keeping the one and the other apart; those of my said house of Oñaz, my entailed estate, at the right, as at the head of this writing."

The meaning of the charges is not a matter of fanciful conjecture, so frequent in the interpretation of ancient armoury. The seven red bars on a gold field were granted to the Oñaz family by the king of Spain, as a special mark of honour for the bravery shown by seven brothers of the family at the battle of Beotibar in the year 1321.

In the Loyola shield we have an example of punning or "canting" arms. The name Loyola is symbolized by "Lobo-y-olla," the Spanish for "wolf and pot." A wolf stood for the nobility—the "Ricos homines"—and the design was taken to represent the generosity of the Loyola family. "For," says Father Raphael Perez, S.J., in his book "La Santa Casa de Loyola," "the country people, still full of remembrance of Ignatius and his ancestry, relate that this name was given in those feudal times when great lords made war upon one another with a band of followers whom they were bound to maintain; and this the family of Loyola used to do with such liberality that the wolves always found something in the kettle to feast on after the soldiers were supplied."

There has been some divergence in the practice of "marshalling" these arms. Not to speak of the utterly unheraldic grouping sometimes adopted to combine them conveniently with College emblems, there is some uncertainty as to the relative positions of the two family shields themselves. In Spain the custom is to retain both the paternal and the maternal name. Hence

the family of St. Ignatius was known as the house of Oñaz and Loyola. If we go back to the year 1261, we find that Don Lope de Oñaz espoused the heiress of the Loyola family, Dona Iñes de Loyola. Now it is usual in combining shields to give the paternal arms the position of honour, that is, the right of the wearer, and it seems clear that the Oñaz arms, with their seven bars, should occupy this position. The words of Don Garcia which end the extract quoted above can hardly bear any other meaning. But as the lords of





Fig. 2

the united house of Onaz and Loyola always occupied the castle of Loyola, that name eventually prevailed and the shields are generally found transposed as on the cover of this REVIEW.

Our own representation of the arms has not been altogether uniform. On the back of the College Catalogue, what appears to be the strictly accurate position of the two shields has been adopted (Fig. 1), and the same example is followed in the College pin (Fig. 2). In the latter, however, the College colours—maroon olive-green and white—are substituted for the original tinctures of the Loyola family.

The cover design of the REVIEW reverts to the more common arrangement, as found in many Jesuit College emblems. For the whole figure we





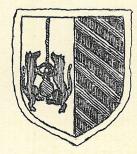


Fig. 4



Fig. 5

are indebted to a cut which appeared some years ago in the "Belvederian," an annual published by Belvedere College, S.J., Dublin. The drawing is artistically pleasing, but we may gently protest that the maned animals favour lions more than wolves—heraldic or otherwise. A large replica of this device appears over the entrance to the Junior Building of the New College. On the Refectory Building, facing the Campus, both coats are com-

bined on a single shield, as in the Belvedere College badge (Fig. 3). Unfortunately the division of the arms "per bend" seems to be at variance with the usual practice of heraldry. Two family coats are normally separated on the shield by a vertical line, i.e., they are "parted per pale." This rule was followed in designing the badges worn last season by one of the senior teams in the Intramural Hockey League (Fig. 4). The badge evoked very favourable comment, and we hope soon to see it generally used throughout the College.

In devising a Classpin for the "Pioneers" of the New College—the combined classes of '16 and '17—the single shield divided per pale was chosen, but in the original colours, to distinguish it from the College Arms. This emblem (Fig. 5), a simple but attractive pin in silver or gold, bears on a scroll the Class motto: "DEO, PATRIAE, AMICIS."

EUGENE CHABOT, '16.

VERUM CORDIS GAUDIUM

A restless child that ever seeks new charms,
From one toy to another racing on
Through all the day, till Nature's blinds are drawn
And darkness comes with all its hidden harms;
At last he creeps into his mother's arms,
Bidding his playthings old and new begone,
And finds what he has sought since early dawn—
A safe repose that knoweth no alarms.

Such was, Lord Jesus, my poor foolish heart
Amid earth's empty joys. What hopes, what fears,
What hours of grief and loneliness were mine,
Before I nestled to Thy Heart Divine,—
A weary child,—and Thou didst dry my tears,
And knowledge of Thy love to me impart!

A FORMER RECTOR OF LOYOLA COLLEGE

A brief consideration of the career of that distinguished son of Saint Ignatius, Father William Doherty, who passed away suddenly on March 3rd, 1907, in Montreal, must surely be of interest to our readers throughout Canada, by whom he was well known, and among whom he so zealously laboured during so many years. The personality of this priest was so unobtrusive, his humility so profound, that it is quite possible that there were many who did not realize how brilliant and versatile were his gifts.

Born April 9th, 1844, of wealthy parentage, in St. John, N.B., he entered Fordham College, near New York, at the age of thirteen, and during his course of studies he revealed talents of the highest order. It was during his college career that his professor, Father Jouin, the author of various philosophical works, declared that his brilliant pupil could, if necessary, teach philosophy himself. This he was later in life called upon to do; for one of the many eminent positions which he held in the Society of Jesus was that of Professor of Philosophy in Georgetown University. The young student's valedictory, when he received his degree at Fordham, was held by competent critics to be a masterly effort.

A few months after his graduation, William Doherty entered the Jesuit novitiate, and continued his studies in various houses of the Order, notably at Woodstock, Md., where he was privileged to have for his masters such eminent men as Father Mazzella, afterwards Cardinal, Father de Augustinis, afterwards a professor in the Roman College, and the well-known moralist, Father Sabetti. With such teachers and such a pupil, the result was not surprising; the young Jesuit, after many years of continuous application, became proficient in the various branches of human learning.

He was ordained priest by the late Primate of the American Church, Archbishop Bailey, and he laboured successively in England, the United States and Canada, everywhere leaving the same luminous trail of vast and profound erudition, and of exalted spirituality.

In 1884 he became Superior and parish priest of Guelph, Ontario. It was there that he displayed new and surprising gifts in the designing and construction of one of the finest churches in Western Canada. His knowledge of architecture and his remarkable aptitude for business details displayed in the beginning and the progress of the work, enabled him to raise a noble monument worthy of Our Lady, to whom the church is dedicated.

During the many years of Father Doherty's ministry in Guelph and elsewhere he made numberless friends, and endeared himself not only to his own, but also to non-Catholics, who were deeply impressed by his learning and his holiness.

He was temporarily transferred to the United States in 1897, and for two years gave the post-graduate course in Philosophy in Georgetown University. In 1899 he was named rector of Loyola College in Montreal, whence ill-health compelled him to withdraw.

Many of his later years were spent in missionary work in Canada and in the United States. Applying all his noble faculties to this strenuous and fruitful apostolate, he reaped such a harvest as shall be known only on the great day of reckoning. While attached to the church of the Gésu, in Montreal, he acted as Local Director of the League of the Sacred Heart for three years and became in that way especially endeared to both Promoters and Associates. Many of us recall the beautiful and practical instructions he was accustomed to give at the monthly meetings of the League, either on the Intention of the month or on some special devotion, such as that to the Sacred Heart, to St. Joseph or to the Holy Souls. Some of his sayings at these meetings remain fresh and vivid in the memory of his hearers to this day; for this master of spirituality and of the deep and hidden things of God had the peculiar gift of throwing new light on old familiar points of doctrine. His sermons at the early Masses in the Gésu, his retreats given to the English-speaking women of Montreal, were always practical, sympathetic, original and deeply spiritual.

Father Doherty's style of oratory and his method of development, particularly in his controversial sermons and in his discussion of doctrinal points, delighted the cultured and the learned. The modulation of his voice, the force and elegance of diction, the high and sustained thought, the direct and masterly reasoning, the depth and the solidity of his learning had a special charm. A leading secular newspaper declared him to have been one of the most learned men of Canada. This was absolutely true, for his stores of knowledge covered a wide area. In literature, in rhetoric, in the sciences he was a master. An expert in philosophy, a physicist, a chemist, an architect, and excellent mechanic, he was competent to teach and direct men in almost every department of human endeavour. He was an accomplished musician of rare skill and technique, and possessed a baritone voice which was often heard to advantage in the church services.

The death of this distinguished priest would have been in one less prepared appallingly sudden; to him it was the swift passage into that life which he had often and so beautifully represented to others, and to union with the Master whom he had served with such perfection. He had apparently recovered from an attack of La Grippe, and was about to resume the course of evening lectures which had been temporarily interrupted. On Sunday morning, March 3rd, 1907, he said mass, entered the confessional, and remained there during part of the following mass, when it was announced that he was going to preach in the evening. Half an hour later he was seized with a violent pain in the chest and went to the College infirmary. But the end had come. There was barely time to give him the last absolution before he had passed away. The announcement of his sudden death was received with a profound and thrilling emotion by the large congregation.

Father Doherty's funeral, simple, touching and absolutely poor, as is the rule of his Order, took place on Tuesday, March 5th, the ceremony being attended by the Archbishop and Coadjutor Bishop of Montreal, by members of the reverend clergy and by a vast concourse of the laity, Catholic and non-Catholic. His mortal remains were laid to rest in the Jesuit cemetery at Sault-au-Récollet. He was survived by two sisters residing in Baltimore, the last of an unusually happy and united family, two members of which were distinguished Religious of the Sacred Heart.

To sum up in an adequate manner such a life and such a personality within these brief limits is simply an impossibility. His eminent perfection in the thorny path of religious life is, so to say, the secret of the cloister. He was, above all, saintly in the highest degree, completely detached from the world, freed from everything that was petty or narrow or ignoble, embracing all men, as it were, in the brotherhood of charity, seeing good everywhere, trusting and believing. His love of poverty was so great and he was so completely mortified that he possessed absolutely nothing. It was touchingly related to the writer that when a souvenir of him was asked for after his death, nothing could be found but a cheap picture of St. Thomas Aquinas, and the notes of his last sermons, written on the backs of envelopes already used and on the wrappers of newspapers. His brethren could tell many a tale of the profound humility which made him as simple as a child; the perfect sincerity of speech and purpose, which would not lend itself to the most trifling deception; the obedience which caused him to obey the rules of his Order exactly and entirely; the large-hearted charity and kindliness of heart, which caused him to abound in sympathy for those who were in affliction. and which endeared him to numberless friends, despite his quiet reserve and apparent austerity of manner and his almost mystical piety. A staunch, loyal and appreciative friend, Father Doherty was broadly tolerant of the weaknesses of others. Stern only to himself, he was a foe to all scrupulosity, doubt or fear, or whatsoever might keep souls from a filial love for God and confidence in His all-embracing mercy. This quality, combined with his knowledge of theology in its innermost intricacies, made the lamented priest an ideal confessor and a master in the spiritual life. He wanted his penitents to be cheerful, courageous, and to walk in the sunshine of the children of God.

Father Doherty was always the refined, the polished, the courtly gentleman, familiar with the ways of men, adapting himself to their various grades, and expressing himself with the utmost purity of diction and with a charming accent. Many, like the present writer, in deploring his death with deep and heart-felt sorrow, in offering a fervent (though it may seem superfluous) prayer for his soul, feel intimately convinced that their loss, and the irreparable loss to the Order which he adorned, is indeed his gain. As far as our limited human judgment can understand the Mysterious Beyond, the Gates of Heaven must have opened very wide, indeed, to receive the soul that was called so suddenly hence. Should any rust of earth, however, remain, the Promoters and Associates of the League of the Sacred Heart, whom he so zealously and so ably directed will feel it their privilege to offer up a heart-felt prayer for his soul's repose, asking that he who showed so many others the way may hasten to his own Eternal Home. "They that are learned shall shine as the brightness of the firmament: and they that instruct many to justice shall shine as stars to all eternity."

ANNA T. SADLIER.



A. M. D. G.

Solemn Requiem Mass

fm

Deceased Members of the Staff and Students of Loyola College

in the

College Chapel

Friday, November 12, 1915, at 8.30 o'clock

"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."

Loyala College Dead

Rev. Peter Cassidy, S.J.	Jan.	19,	'02	Rev. George Kenny, S.J. Sept	. 26.	'12		
Rev. John Connolly, S.J.	Nov.	16,	'11	Rev. Rod. Lachapelle, S.J. Feb.				
Rev. William Doherty, S.J.	Mar.	3,	'07	Rev. Gregory O'Bryan, S.J. Jun-	e 6.	'07		
Rev. Martin Fox, S.J.	July	27,	'15	Rev. Eugene Schmidt, S.J. May	21,	'04		
Rev. Joseph Grenier, S.J.	May	4,	'13	Rev. Lactance Sigouin, S.J. Mar	. 29,	'98		
Pev. Peter Hamel, S.J.	June	6,	'05	Rev. Adrian Turgeon, S.J. Sept	. 8.	'12		
Rev. Benj. Hazelton, S.J.	Sept.	1,	'08		12.			
Rev. Victor Hudon, S.J.	Oct.	4,	'13	Rev. George Brown, S.J. Dec.	7.	'01		
Mr. Cuthbert Udall, July 5, '11								

Acton, William
Armstrong, Lawrence
Baxter, Quigg
Blanchard, George
Brady, Terence
Brown, Henry
Burke, John
Cagney, Clarence
Caveny, Martin
Chevalier, Jacques
Cloran, Edward

Condon, Leo
Daly, George
Doran, Francis
Farrell, Edward
Hooper, James
Keyes, Michael
Marson, Robert
Marson, Walter
Morgan, Henry
McGee, James
McGoldrick, John

Monk, Henry O'Brien, Richard Pagé, Severin Pérodeau, Charles Poupore, Leo Rolland, Wilfrid Rousseau, Henry Ryan, Francis Shallow, Arthur Smith, Charles Tate, Louis

Requiescant in Pace

In Memoriam

REV. MARTIN FOX, S.J.

As a former member of our teaching staff, Father Fox, who died on July 27th, 1915, in St. Joseph's Hospital, St. Boniface, Manitoba, will be known to many of the friends of the College and to all of our old students. He was born in Soufflenheim, Lower Rhine, in the diocese of Strasburg, May 4th, 1859. When still in his early boyhood he came to Canada and was educated at the College of the Basilian Fathers in Toronto. At the age of twenty-one he entered the Society of Jesus at Sault-au-Récollet. After completing his preliminary studies, and teaching for four years as a scholastic, he was sent to St. Beuno's, North Wales, for his first and second years of Theology. Thence he returned to Montreal to continue his studies and was ordained July 29th, 1894. Four years after his ordination he came to Loyola and remained until 1912, when he was sent to the mission at Sault Ste-Marie, Ontario. following year he was transferred to St. Boniface, and during the last two years of his life was Professor of Philosophy, and Examiner in the University of Manitoba. His death came rather as a shock. His health had always been good, and in spite of the fact that towards the end of April he had to be removed to the hospital, no one expected that the illness would be fatal. All who knew him would have predicted that he had many years of useful work yet before him. The special treatment, however, failed to restore him.

Father Fox was a man of varied and solid learning. When a student at college he won high distinction by his general ability and in particular by his knowledge of the classics. Afterwards, as Professor of the Sciences, of Philosophy, and as Prefect of Studies, his work in the colleges of the Society was of inestimable value. Loyola owes him a special debt of gratitude for his painstaking care in collecting and compiling the facts of our early history. This collection is the only detailed account we have of the foundation and first years, and will remain, we are sure, a memorial of his activities on behalf of the college. He was of a gentle and lovable character, and was greatly esteemed by all who knew him. He endeared himself to the boys by the deep interest he took in each individual student, and by his untiring zeal for their welfare. Father Fox was fifty-six years old when he died, and had completed thirty-five years in the Society of Jesus. Of this period he had spent no less than sixteen at the College. With Loyola his name will remain inseparably connected in the minds and hearts of hundreds of boys who have passed under his gentle supervision.

ALUMNUS.

LOYOLA BOYS AT THE FRONT

It is estimated that one hundred and fifteen old boys of Loyola are taking part in the present conflict in Europe. Many are already in the trenches, two at least have been killed and several have been wounded. In the list which we are publishing in the REVIEW are included the names of nine or ten, who, though never at the College as it exists at present, were in the English course at St. Mary's College, Montreal, which was really the foundation of Loyola, and who therefore may be numbered among our Old Boys. It is admitted that the lists are necessarily incomplete, but wherever possible an effort has been made to verify the details concerning the individuals. Further names and information will be welcomed at the College.

The date affixed to the name is the year of entrance to the College. In the case of the graduates, the degree they obtained and the date of graduation are added.

Armstrong, Thaddeus	1906	Sergt. 4th Batt. (wounded).
Audette, de Gaspé	1911	
Babin, Harold	1907	5th Univ. Corps.
Bauset, Jules	1906	C.A.M.C., Sanitary Section.
Beck, Austin	1907	
Beck, Cyril	1907	
Béique, Victor	1898	Lieut., 85th
Belleau, Joseph	1901	Lieut. Interpreter (Salonika).
Belleau, Paul	1901	Pte.
Bonnard, Daniel	1910	French Army.
Bouthillier, Charles	1906	Capt., 5th Can. Mounted Rifles.
Boyce, George	1900	Major, No. 1 Field Ambul., C.A.M.C.
Boyer, Guy (Eng. Course, St. Mary's)		Major, 22nd.
Brannen, John B. (Eng. Course, St. Mary's)		Capt. (Med.), 199th.
Browne, Ethelbert	1905	3rd Overseas Siege Artillery.
Butler, Herbert	1911	2nd Univ. Corps.
Calder, Robert (Eng. Course, St. Mary's)		Major.
Carpenter, Cecil	1909	Artillery.
Casgrain, Uberto	1898	Capt., No. 3 Stationary Hosp., C.A.M.C.
Castle, Raymond	1910	Gunner.
Chevalier, Armand	1896	Capt., 22nd.
Chevalier, Philippe	1896	Capt., 163rd (wounded).
Chevalier, Pierre	1896	Lieut., 22nd (wounded).
Cogels, Hubert	1913	Belgian Army.

Collins, Nülsen	1904	Motor Boat Squadron.
Cooke, Vincent	1909	1st Brigade, C.F.A.
Davis, Harry	1902	Capt., Artillery.
de Varennes, Henri	1905	Lieut., 163rd.
de Zouche, Frederick C.	1907	150th Mech. Transp. Co., C.A.S.C.
		(wounded).
Doheney. Clarence	1905	Lieut., Artillery
Donnelly, Ernest	1898	Lieut., 148th.
Donohue, James	1906	
Doran, John	1903	82nd.
Dwyer, Edward	1898	
Farrell, Robert B.	1898	Lieut., 199th.
Fawcett, Rev. Charles	1896	Capt., Chaplain.
Finch, Gerald	1905	是2000年中央第二次的基本的基本的基本的基本的基本的基本的基本的基本的基本的基本的基本的基本的基本的
Fletcher, Adrian	1901	Can. Pay Corps.
Furlong, Gerald (Eng. Course, St. Mary's)		Capt., 24th.
Griffith, Gerald, (B.A., 1910)	1903	Capt., Royal Army Medical Corps.
Grimes, Ernest	1909	2nd Reserve Park, C.A.S.C.
Hanna, Roy	1910	148th, Medical.
Hennessy, Richard	1903	3rd Overseas Siege Artillery.
Hingston, Donald (Eng. Course, St. Mary's)		Capt., C.A.M.C.
Hingston, Harold	1898	Lieut., 60th.
Howe, John	1900	Lieut., 14th, (killed in action).
Hudson, Stanton	1907	87th.
Hughes, Stanley	1909	3rd Overseas Siege Artillery.
Jenkins, John	1904	Capt., 24th.
Kavanagh, Walter	1905	Lieut., 199th.
Kelly, Harry	1909	38th.
Killoran, Rev. James (Eng. Course, Mary	rse,	Capt., Chaplain.
Lafontaine, Jean	1911	Lieut., 163rd.
Law, Adrian	1897	Capt., "Royal Canadians". (British
		Army.)
Le Bouthillier, Leo	1907	24th.
Lelièvre, Roger	1907	22nd (wounded).
Lynch, Leo (B.Sc., 1908)	1901	No. 5 Co., Div. Amm. Col., C.A.S.C.
Macarow, Philip	1908	
MacArthur, Donald	1913	R.M.C.
MacDonald, Alain de L.	1897	Lieut., 163rd, (wounded).
MacDonald, Fraser	1906	Lieut., 77th.
MacDonald, Hubert	1909	77th.
Magann, Allan	1905	R.M.C.
Magann, George	1905	Lieut., Div. Amm. Col.
Maguire, Francis (B.A., 1907)	1899	Lieut., 2nd.
Mahon, Arthur J.	1912	"C" Battery, R.C.H.A.
McCullough, John	1903	

McDonald, Dawson	1903	Lieut., 199th.
McEachen, Ronald	1907	B.Sc., 1914.
McGee, Francis (Eng. Course, St. Mary's)		(wounded).
McGovern, Art. L. (B.A., 190	9)1903	Capt., 28th.
McKenna, Adrian	1905	Corp. 24th, (killed in action).
	1898	Lieut., 60th.
McKenna, Ernest		
McLaughlin, Henry	1908	66th Siege Artillery.
Merrill, Geoffrey	1904	Sgt., Artillery.
Miller, Louis	1897	27th.
Monsarrat, Louis	1905	R.M.C.
Morgan, William	1910	69th.
Murphy, Neil	1904	Lieut., 199th.
Nagle, Gregory	1903	Company SgtMajor, 3rd Batt.
O'Brien, William (Eng. Course, St. Mary's)		Major, 199th.
O'Connor, James	1898	199th.
O'Gallagher, Dermott	1906	Lieut., 33rd.
O'Gorman, Gerald	1903	Lieut., 199th.
	1897	Lieut., 53rd.
O'Leary, Frederick J.		
O'Leary, Henry	1909	Lieut.
Owens, Sargent T. (B.A., 1908		Lieut., 207th.
Panet, Henri de L.	1905	100th Field Co., R.E., 22nd Division.
Pérodeau, Horace	1907	Lieut., 163rd, Mach. Gun Section.
Phelan, Arthur	1908	9th Brigade. Amm. Col.
Plunkett, Edward	1910	50th, Queen's Battery, C.F.A.
Power, Charles G.	1897	Lieut., 3rd, (wounded).
Power, Joseph	1897	Lieut., 2nd.
Power, Rockett	1897	
Rainboth, Ernest	1906	77th.
	1903	Lieut., No. 6 Co., Div. Amm. Tr., C.A.S.C.
Rainville, Gustavus		
Redmond, René	1897	Capt., 60th.
Ryan, Raymond	1898	Lieut., Borden's Armoured Battery.
Ryan, Roderick	1906	R.M.C.
Scott, Walter	1908	42nd.
Shee, John (B.L., 1910),	1903	Capt., C.A.M.C.
Shortall, Leo	1913	1st Newfoundland Batt.
Steben, Murray	1897	148th.
Sullivan, Arthur	1896	Lieut., 79th (?).
Trihey, Harry (Eng. Course, St. Mary's)		LieutCol., O. C. 199th.
Turenne, Aymar Ozias	1901	Reserve Brigade, C.F.A. (wounded).
Vanier, George P. (B.A., 190		Capt., 22nd.
	1904	Lieut., 24th, (wounded).
Walsh, G. Victor		
Walsh, John P. (B.A., 1904)	1896	Capt., No. 2 Hosp., C.A.M.C.
Watt, Roderick	1907	Lieut., Div. Amm. Col.
Wickham, John C. (B.A., 1909)		Capt., No. 3. Gen'l. Hosp., C.A.M.C.
Wilkins, John	1906	
Wilkins, Lionel	1904	Paymaster Sergeant, 199th.
Wilson, Lawrence	1905	105th Brigade, R.F.A., Brit. Army.



CORPORAL ADRIAN McKENNA, 24th Battalion, O. L. 1905. Killed in action on January 19th, 1916.

ROLL OF HONOUR

CORPORAL ADRIAN McKENNA, 24th BATTALION,

Killed in action on January 19th, 1916.

Adrian McKenna came to Loyola in 1905. He entered the class of Latin Rudiments and was soon a favourite with his class-mates and the other boys in the College. He was of a cheery disposition, ready to take his share in any game or amusements, and of unbounded generosity. He remained with us for four years, and after some time joined the Dominion Textile Company. Soon after the war broke out, he resigned and volunteered for active service in the 24th Battalion. Two of the letters which he wrote to friends in Montreal, and which we are publishing among the 'Letters from the Front,' will give some details of his life in the trenches. He had just rejoined his regiment, after being confined to the hospital for some time as a result of a bullet wound, when he met his death. Those who have known Adrian will not be surprised to learn that he was shot while in charge of a dangerous post about thirty yards out from the main trench. In fact, his Major writes that "he was always willing to take a dangerous post, and his courage and coolness at critical times were always an inspiration to his men."

The tributes to his engaging qualities and soldierly efficiency, received by his relatives from the officers and men of his regiment, are too numerous to mention. We are giving some extracts from the letters announcing the circumstances of his death.

A special interest for us attaches to Adrian McKenna, as he is the first Loyola boy who has died on the field of honour. The many friends whom he made during the time he spent at the College unite in offering their deepest sympathy to his mother and relatives.

LETTER FROM HIS MAJOR

Belgium, January 22nd, 1916.

It is with a great deal of sorrow and feeling of sympathy for you that I have to tell you of the death of your son, Corporal A. H. McKenna.

He had been Corporal with me in my Company ever since I joined the Battalion, and he had at all times been steady and reliable. His work over here was especially good. He was always willing to take a dangerous post, and his courage and coolness at critical times were always an inspiration to his men.

It was on the 19th, at half-past seven in the morning, while he was crossing a dangerous and exposed piece of ground, that he was shot through the body by a sniper. All that was possible was done for him, but he did not regain consciousness, and he died an hour and a half later. He was buried the next day in the Battalion plot.

I feel that I have lost one of my most valuable men, and I know how much sorrow it will bring to you; so if there is anything I can possibly do for you, I would be very glad to do it, if you would just let me know.

LETTER FROM A MILITARY CHAPLAIN: (Translated from the French)

Belgium, at the Front, January 20th, 1916.

Long before my letter reaches you, you will have heard of your great bereavement.....
I must give you an accurate account of the death of Corporal A. McKenna, who fell gloriously yesterday on the field of honour. He was in the advanced trenches. Death came quickly; but the piety, I would almost say the saintliness, of our dear Adrian is too well known

to you for you to think that his death, however sudden, could be unprepared. On Sunday and Monday, the 16th and 17th, he received Holy Communion before going back to the

trenches.

I buried him to-day, January 20th, in the little cemetery of the 24th Battalion. His body was untouched, save for the bullet-wound which caused his death. The Colonel and all the officers have told me how sorry they are to lose him. Corporal McKenna was held in the greatest esteem and affection by all in his Company and Battalion. He was one of my most fervent and devout boys

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN GERALD F. FURLONG:

January 20th, 1916.

I am sorry that I have to notify you of the death of Adrian. He was killed in action yesterday morning, the 19th, about seven o'clock, when crossing overland from one of the trenches. You will be glad to know that he was at the Church Parade on Sunday and received Communion before going back to the trenches on Monday night. He was buried this A.M., in the Laiterie Cemetery, by Father Doyon, and I've sent all his belongings to the D.A.A.G. at the base, excepting the enclosed letters. So if you wish them sent to you, write at once to D.A.A.G., Canadian Division, G.H.Q., 3rd Echelon, France. If there is anything further I can do for you in this case, let me know. My deepest sympathy.

LETTER FROM A LIEUTENANT OF THE 24th:

Trenches, January 20th, 1916.

It is with a great deal of sorrow that I am writing you about your brother's death. You don't know how we all felt it, not only the Platoon in which he was, but also the officers and men of the whole Company.

I have been with the 24th only since the New Year, and your brother returned from hospital only about two days before we came into the trenches. From the little I saw of him, he struck me as a fine soldier, and I had spoken to Major Ross about making him a

Sergeant, as I was in need of one.

At the time, he was in charge of an isolated post about thirty yards out from our main trench, with four men. I had visited it during the night and everything was all right. The only way we have of communicating with it is by overland, and this can be carried out only during the night; and therefore the post is relieved every twenty-four hours. On the morning of the 19th, just after stand-to, I was in another part of the trench, and looking over the parados I saw him out in the open, facing his own post. I hurried up to where my Sergeant (Redmond) was, and asked him what Corporal McKenna was doing out there, and he said he had come over after something and was going back with it. We watched him as long as we could, and then I went to my dug-out which I had no sooner entered than Sergeant Redmond came to me and said Corporal McKenna had been shot. The house of the Corporal mond came to me and said Corporal McKenna had been shot. The boys of the Garrison showed their love for him by wanting, everyone, to go out and rescue him. I allowed six, counting my stretcher-bearers, to go out, and they bandaged up his wounds and brought him in, exposing themselves at the time. He was hit about 7.30 A.M. and died before we could get him to the dressing-station, about 8.30 A.M., as it took so long to get him in through the mud.

He is buried in the Battalion plot behind our front, and if you come over, you will be near enough to visit his grave. If there is anything else you would like to know, don't mind

asking me.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN GEORGE VANIER OF THE 22ND:

Somewhere in Flanders, January 21st, 1916.

By this time you know the terrible news of Adrian's death in action. What can I say that would not be empty? You know how I feel...... He was one of those in the C.E.F. in whom I took the greatest interest. Unfortunately I did not run across him as often as I would have wished. Without being able to give you details, I can say that our battalions did not occupy exactly the same lines, and although two men may be billeted and may fight five hundred yards from one another, their paths may never cross.

When Adrian was wounded, by a very singular coincidence I saw him in the ambulance. Our battalion that day happened to be resting in billets not very far from the firing line, and the 24th was in the front trenches. I was walking along the road when I heard an ambulance behind me. I stepped to one side, without hardly looking up. The ambulance passed me, had gone twenty feet when I heard my name called out. I looked up to see Adrian sitting in the rear end of the ambulance with one arm bound up and a cheery smile on his face. With the free arm he pointed towards one of his shoulders, and I knew then that he had been wounded somewhere near the shoulder and that the wound could not be serious. I was unable to speak to him because the motor ambulance was speeding away at a fast clip. Then



LIEUT. JOHN HOWE, 14th Battalion, O. L. 1900. Killed in action on April 25th, 1916.

I lost track of Adrian completely—heard neither of nor from him—until the night of January 17th. At five-thirty o'clock in the afternoon of that date I was waiting for my horse near a farm house close to the firing line, when out of the darkness (although early it was quite dark) he came up to me calling "Hello, George, how are you?" As far as I can remember, the conversation which was not long, ran as follows:—

Well, well, Adrian, happy New Year, and so you are back? Tell me about your

wound.'

"Oh, it wasn't very much. A clean bullet wound through the shoulder. The wound itself would have been nothing, if I had not suffered from the effects of anti-tetanus serum. For over a month, my sight was very much affected. But I'm in splendid shape now . ."
"Why don't you ever write, Adie? You promised you would. I should like to get

news from you. I was anxious about your bullet wound."
"Curious, George, I wrote only a few days ago; have you received the letter?"

"No, it will probably reach me in due course."

"By the way, your mother sent me a Christmas present. It was jolly decent of her. It reached me in the hospital where it was doubly appreciated.

"I must be off, Adie. Good-bye and good luck, old boy."
"Good luck, George." A hand shake, and I rode off. Little did I think that I

should never see him again.

The next incident which brought Adie back to my mind was the receipt of the letter he had referred to. I received it on January 18th, when in billets. The letter reads as follows:-

January 13th, 1916.

'Just a line to let you know I am all right again. I joined the battalion again this week after being away for two months. I thought I might have been able to see you, but I guess that we won't have much chance. I heard from John, and received a parcel from your mother at Xmas. Ernie was in France for a few days, but I couldn't manage to see him. Drop me a line and let me know how you are keeping. I am sending this down by one of the despatch riders. Best regards.

And then the news, the awful news,-heard casually-by the merest chance. Here is how it happened. I met Mr. Duclos, Brigade Bombing Officer, late at night on Jan. 20th, and in some way I mentioned Adrian's name, perhaps because Mr. Duclos had been formerly in the 24th. At once Mr Duclos said: "Why, George, he's dead. Killed yesterday."

Adrian, I am told, was shot through the lungs and died almost immediately. I have as

yet no other details. I have been unable to see anyone who was with Adrian at the time of the accident. I shall make it my particular business to get in touch with some one who can give me more definite details of his death. He was buried Jan. 20th, with all the rites of our Church. Had I known then of his death, it is needless to say that I would have been present. I know the little cemetery, where he rests, very well indeed. Often, on and off duty, I pass it. It lies near the intersection of two roads. Very tall trees throw their shade over the mounds would wish to be

LIEUTENANT JOHN HOWE, 14th BATTALION.

Killed in action on April 25th, 1916.

Lieutenant John Howe was the second of our boys to give his life for the Empire. He was the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Arthur W. Howe and a grand-nephew of Joseph Howe, the famous Nova Scotia statesman and patriot. Lieut. Howe was born in St. John, N.B., twenty-five years ago. He was quite young when he first came to the College, but even then his manliness gained him the esteem of all, and during the four years he was with us he made many friends. He was an expert paddler and oarsman, a member of the St. Lambert Boating Club, taking part in many races, and a member of the St. Lambert Football Club.

His interest in military work is not of recent date. For many years he was a sergeant in the Victoria Rifles. He left Canada as a sergeant in the First Contingent and was promoted lieutenant at the front. Unfortunately we were unable to obtain any detailed information about his death, in time to publish it in this number of the REVIEW. The official notification to the family stated that Lieutenant Howe had been killed by a gunshot wound on April 25th, We hope that in our next number we will be able to publish the accounts given by the officers of his regiment.

We offer our sincerest sympathy to the relatives of Lieutenant Howe in their deep affliction.

LETTERS FROM THE FRONT

LETTERS FROM CORPORAL ADRIAN McKENNA:

Belgium, January 16th, 1916.

I dropped you a line last night just to let you know that I had arrived back to the Regiment again. It feels great to be back with the boys. Redmond was delighted to see me again; in fact, I got a fine reception from everybody, from the Colonel right down. I left Boulogne on Thursday last and arrived at Harfleur on Friday. We travelled half way in second-class cars, and the rest of the way in box cars. I stayed two days at Harfleur, which is about six miles from Havre. I met a couple of fellows I knew there, who were, like myself, on their way back. On Sunday evening we marched to Havre and got on the train. It was a beautiful sight when we came in view of Havre. We came down the famous "Escalier Montmorency." There, from the top, we could see the city and harbour all illuminated. I was in charge of the 21st Batt'n's men, and one of them hurt his foot getting on the train, so I went and saw if I could get him a decent place to sleep, as we were all packed into third-class wooden cars. I got him a second-class coach, and, incidentally, one for ourselves, so we had a very comfortable night. a second-class coach, and, incidentally, one for ourselves, so we had a very control one fellow slept on the floor, and the other one and myself slept on the seats. We got into one fellow slept on the floor, and the other one and executive day there in the station. We left One fellow slept on the floor, and the other one and myself slept on the seats. We got into Rouen at half-past seven the next morning, and spent the day there in the station. We left at about nine that night and passed through Boulogne and Calais the next morning, and arrived at our destination at four o'clock in the afternoon. Of course it was pouring rain, and we had to walk nearly five miles to our billets. We landed here just after the Company had come out of the trenches. Much to my delight, we are not in the old cattle pen, but are quartered in huts that have just been built. They are much better than the pen. They are built of tarred paper and hold about sixty men. It is quite cold to-day; in fact, we had a slight fall of sleet this afternoon. I am anxiously awaiting the next mail. Thank goodness! at last I will get my mail regularly. I am feeling fine again and ready to get after the Huns.

my mail regularly. I am feeling fine again and ready to get after the Huns

I hope you will be able to make this out. I am lying on my bunk and writing by the light of one candle. I haven't been paid for a long time and I can't afford two candles. We were reckless last night and spent our last two francs on eggs, seven each. However, it might be

worse, and pay day is to-morrow.

I know your eyes must be winking and jumping from trying to make this out, so I will say good-night. I am enclosing the stripes off my great-coat. I value them very much, as I have had them since I left Canada. The stains on them are blood from a man who was killed and whom I carried into the trench. Keep them for me till I get back......

My Little Dug-Out in the West, January 18th.

I received your very welcome letter of December 10th yesterday and enjoyed it very much. Thanks very much for the draft. It came at a very good time, as I was 'stony." We are not allowed to draw any money while in hospital, and when we are with the Regiment we get only forty-five francs a month. Of course we have nothing to spend it on except "eats", and we certainly kept the shops busy around here. I got back to my Company on Tuesday night, we certainly kept the shops busy around here. I got back to my Company on Tuesday hight, and, believe me, I was glad to get back. As you see by the heading, we are in the trenches. I am writing this in my dug-out, which is very comfortable. It has a wooden floor, which is something new. We managed to get some wood and coke, and the brazier is blazing away at my feet. So, all things considered, it's 'jake' (new slang word). I wish you could see how I am rigged out: rubber boots up to my hips, a short leather coat and a big steel helmet. The Huns are quiet this morning. I guess they are getting sick of the war. I had a letter from mother yesterday. She seemed to take it for granted that I was coming home. Much as I appreciate your offer, I wouldn't dream of going back until I have done my "bit," and I am glad you didn't do anything until you heard from me

Good-bye for a while. It's dinner time, and I am starving, as usual.

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT CHARLES POWER:-

Mr. William Power, M.P. for Quebec West, has received a most interesting letter from his son, Mr. Chub Power, who was a patient in Miss Pollock's hospital, London, recovering from wounds received at the front. In the course of his letter Mr. Power, who, as well as his brothers, is well known in athletic circles, writes as follows:

Was walking along our first line trench on the afternoon of December 2nd, not far from the family dug-out (the one Joe and I occupied alternately) when my platoon sergeant said he heard a rifle grenade (we can tell with a little practice the difference between the explosion of their cartridges and that of an ordinary rifle). We looked up in the air for it, but it was rather misty. The sergeant crouched in the opening of a dug-out, I looked out towards the right, when suddenly I heard a tremendous explosion and felt as if I had been kicked in the back, was hurled forward in the mud, stunned for perhaps five seconds. Then I got up; the concussion had tumbled the sergeant into the dug-out, but he was untouched. Another man about ten feet away had been hit on the head. I felt that I had a sore leg, so limped around to the stretcher-bearers, took off my clothes, and discovered that I had received eighteen wounds, which, with two or three exceptions, were small ones; they had quite a time fixing up the bandages. That over, I walked down to our dressing station, nearly a mile. Was passed on there to the Field Ambulance station where I had something to eat while waiting for the motor ambulance. It arrived about six o'clock and by eight p.m. I was in a clearing hospital in bed.

My wounds were getting pretty stiff by the time I reached there, so my clothes had to be cut off me; result, I am now minus a pair of breeches. Was thoroughly cleaned and bandaged, placed in a room next to poor Alfie Evans.

The next morning at 11 o'clock was on the Red Cross train for the base. A wonderful arrangement of cars, about the length of ours, divided into wards, etc., like a hospital. The beds were comfortable, and we had all the attendance one could have in a hospital in Canada. Had lunch, tea and dinner on board. Were supplied with cigarettes and chocolate, lemonade, etc. We started fairly light, but before long were pulled up. In our car there were ten officers, all stretcher cases. The sitting ones were in another car, and so on. Arrived at the base at 11 p.m. and was taken to No. 7. Stationary Hospital, a show place reserved for officers. It is a converted hotel. Nothing could be more modern or up to date. Was again examined and dressed. Next morning, less than 48 hours after being wounded, was on an operating table, X-rayed, chloroformed, and the pieces of shrapnel removed. There were some pieces, particularly in the right leg and left arm, which have made rather deep holes and had taken in foreign substances. All these were taken out and tubes placed. Then I was bandaged again. When I regained consciousness in the afternoon I was able to sit up and write letters, have a good tea and later a good dinner. Since that everything is going well. Was kept two days more to rest up, then crossed to England on the hospital ship, which in better times was the New Haven-Dieppe packet, but is now as thoroughly a hospital ship as was the Red Cross train. These were quite a number of wounded officers and men on board; they all stood the trip equally well.

At the English port another train to Charing Cross, where the distribution of patients among the various hospitals takes place. I was selected for this one. It appears to cater especially to Colonials, though just at present I am the only Canadian. It is quite comfortable, and I am sure it would be impossible to secure such treatment anywhere else. I have to be bandaged and dressed frequently, but it is very well done, and I suffer little inconvenience. I should be able to hobble about on crutches next week and go out for an occasional walk at least by Christmas. To me all this seems wonderful, and I think when the history of the war comes to be written it will be found that though the British have blundered in many things and seriously, at any rate their medical service and organization is a marvel. Nothing whatsoever is omitted which could make for the comfort and well-being of the wounded. This not only includes necessaries and comforts, but all luxuries imaginable are furnished. I didn ot come in contact with the Canadians after leaving the Field Ambulance station, so had no opportunity of seeing any of my friends.

The English, however, treated me as one of their own, and nurses, doctors, everybody, seemed to think that their greatest pleasure in life was to put themselves out, in order to please the patients.

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT HENRI DE L. PANET:

100th Field Co'y. R. E., 22nd Division.

At sea on H.M. Transport, Dec. 3rd, 1915.

Just a line to wish you and Loyola the very best of luck for the coming year. I am afraid you are one of the few people I know who are there now, but I must ask you to congratulate for me everybody concerned in the publication of the LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW this year.

Somebody sent me out a copy of it. Unfortunately, I do not know who it was, because it was sent to my mother, and she sent it on to me in France, so I could not tell by the writing. I was really delighted to get it. The pictures were awfully good, and I think it is one of the best things Loyola has published. I used to wonder sometimes why the College didn't try to keep in touch with its Old Boys, but that book was a joy to me for days while I read every word of it. I would write to the editors myself, only I don't know who they are, and there are very few people I know left at the College. That's why I am asking you to congratulate them kindly for me.

I must apologise for the paper and the writing, but the ship is rolling all over the place, and it's the only paper I can get. Just now, after four and a half months in France, I am on my way to the Balkans, where we ought to get some rather different fighting. Trench warfare is exciting enough, too much so at times, but this will, I hope, be more open and produce more obvious results. According to our wireless, we are badly needed in Serbia, where the Germans and Bulgars seem to have completely wiped out the Serbian army. However, I hope we will be able to get our own back somewhat, if only we can land without running into a

torpedo.

I'm afraid I must stop now and rush down to stables. They keep us pretty busy on board and I have a lot of letters to write. We will leave a bag of mail at Malta as we pass tonight, and it will be my last chance to write Christmas letters home. I hope, some day, if I can fool the Bulgars as successfully as I have the Boches, to be able to get back to Loyola and see the old crowd again. Meanwhile, I must wish you, the Faculty and the pupils the very merriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years.

LETTER FROM FREDERICK C. DE ZOUCHE:

Shorncliffe, Kent.

March 23rd, 1916.

Very many thanks for sending me "The Gazette" with the list of the Loyola Boys

serving with the Forces.

I have met a few of them: McGovern I met in France pretty close to the firing line; Fletcher, I met here in England last summer and in France also; Ernest Grimes and I enlisted the same day in Ottawa, on December 9th, 1914. Grimes joined the Horse Transport and I joined the Mechanical Transport. I met him again over here and in France. I have heard of several other Loyola Boys, but have not been able to trace them.

When I first joined, I enlisted as a motor truck driver and served in that capacity until December last, 1915, when I got hurt and was forced to return to England from the front. However, I am fairly fit again and expect to return to France shortly as a despatch rider. Since I came out of hospital, I have been despatch-riding for Headquarters, but I am still attached to the C.A.S.C. base operating depot, Shorncliff.

It might interest you to know that another Loyola Boy, a nephew of mine, J. A. Mac-Casham, is in the United States Navy, and has been for the last two and a half years. Another Loyola Boy, but one who attended the College only for a couple of months, is here at the present time, A. A. Lessard, 1st Div. Supply Column. He also was wounded in France. Just now he is driving an ambulance. My original unit was the 2nd Div. Supply Column.

I have been away from Canada for nearly a year now. I'll be awfully glad to get back to

the old home. I would like to tell you of my experiences while in France, but I don't want to bore you, and I know you must be very busy. I heard some time ago that your new buildings in Montreal West were nearly completed. I am very glad to hear it, as the old place on Drummond must have become very cramped.

LETTER FROM MAJOR BOYCE:

March 7th, 1916.

Your thoughtfulness in sending me a Christmas box was very much appreciated indeed. Many thanks from an old friend of years' standing.

How is life with you? You are at the dear old College. God bless Loyola! May it constantly prosper and blossom out into one of the greatest Canadian Colleges! Already, in quality, Loyola leaves nothing to be desired. Let us hope that, with greater facilities, material

welfare may be likewise.

The old College was not very large in my day, but some of the boys are doing well out here. I have come across only a few, but there are others. Among those whom I met are my good friends, Lieut. Frank Maguire, 2nd Battalion, now on sick leave in England from injury received in the trenches; Lieut. Joe Power, 2nd Battalion, now in Canada sick; Lieut. 'Chubby' Power, 3rd Battalion, now in England badly wounded; Lieuts. Pierre and Philippe Chevalier. 14th and 22nd Battalions, one of whom is severely wounded and now in England; Lieut. Clarence Doheny of the Artillery; Sergeant Adrian Fletcher, whose application for a commission I recently signed; and Lieut. Arthur McGovern, of the 28th Battalion. I know Lieut. George Vanier is here, but have not yet seen him. Likewise they say Leo Lynch is here and others whom we are bound to run across in the course of our work.

It may interest you to know that I am the only Catholic Medical Officer in my ambulance, and am also the second in command. The O.C. is a Montrealer, who practised in Quebec. However, everything goes along splendidly; out here, as a rule, we appreciate our neighbours on

their true merits.



CAPT. ARMAND CHEVALIER, 22nd. CAPT. PHILIPPE CHEVALIER, 163rd.

LIEUT. PIERRE CHEVALIER, 22nd. LIEUT. G. VICTOR WALSH, 24th.

LETTER FROM CAPTAIN VANIER:

Flanders, Feb. 29th, 1916.

I found your card, with Christmas wishes, in a box containing cigarettes and a pipe from the "Montreal Gazette Tobacco Fund." It is splendid to think that those behind the lines are thinking of those who are fortunate enough to be at the front.

We are running into our sixth month of trench life. So far I have had exceptional luck. I have been neither sick nor wounded. Ever since our arrival in France, we have been in the first line trenches, with the exception of the rest periods which are given us at regular intervals. But even when in rest billets, the Battalion is never more than three miles from the front and always within sound and range of the artillery.

Pierre Chevalier, who came out with the 1st Canadian Contingent, is now with us as Transport Officer. You heard of poor Adrian McKenna's death in action. He died a Christian

hero, doing his duty. He had received Holy Communion the day before his death. The pages devoted to the Old Boys in the LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW were very

much appreciated by all of us.

Will you give my best regards to my friends at Loyola College . . .

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT HINGSTON:

March 11th, 1916.

Here I am still in my dug-out, as safe as a bug in a rug. I saw René just a few minutes

He was ordered to London

We are going back to rest camp the day after to-morrow, and we won't be sorry, as we are doing all the dirty work here, fatigues we call them, bringing rations to the trenches, water, etc., and we stay in our dug-out the rest of the time. I was in the front line for three nights and had no sleep at all, but had a great time. Of course I was pretty tired afterwards, but feel fine

I would give a lot to get home for a day or two. I would appreciate my little room, I can tell you, and all the comforts one never appreciates till he lives in a dug-out.

As soon as we get back to our rest camp we will be O.K. again, and I will be able to get my clothes off and have a bath. I haven't had my clothes off for six days, and it will be eight days before I do. However, I have got quite used to it now .

LETTER FROM LIEUTENANT PIERRE CHEVALIER:

Flanders, Feb. 28th, 1916.

This morning I received a reproachful letter . . asking why I had not acknowledged the cigarettes, pipes and tobacco you so kindly sent to Armand and to me. As a matter of fact, the cases in which they came arrived only yesterday, so I hasten to thank you and my Alma Mater most heartily for the soothing smokes. As Armand is now in London, I took it upon myself to distribute the contents of his box to some of the men, for which I hope you will

The LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW, which mother forwarded to me was very much appreciated. I passed it on to George Vanier, who is now second in command of "C" Co'y. We

often chat about the good old Loyola days, and now do we fully appreciate the saying that Father—often quoted to us: "The happiest days of your lives are your college days."

At the moment of writing there is an aeroplane duel—a daily occurrence—taking place right over our billets. The graceful manoeuvring of enemy 'planes and our own is a sight worth seeing; but the Germans have a nasty habit of hovering over our horse lines and dropping bombs without the least warning. Then they beat it back to their own lines with a couple of our 'planes after them. The German "Fokker" machine is furiously fast and makes a quick get-away, and it is no easy matter for the anti-aircraft guns to bag one. Only once have I seen a 'plane brought down, and I am glad to say it was a "Boche" machine. This happened at Ypres in April, and though brought down behind their own lines, it was undoubtedly hit in a vital spot.

At the present time the Battalion is marking time, doing the usual trench routine and holding this part of the line. When it happens that the Battalion is out in rest billets on a Sunday, Holy Mass is celebrated by Father Doyon, a forceful and convincing preacher, at the village church close by. The four walls of that sacred edifice re-echo with a thousand voices

singing the hymns which recall to our minds the early days of Loyola.

In a few weeks I expect to obtain leave to go to Paris, when I shall not fail to call on Father our former Prefect of Recreation, with whom I shall discuss the advantages of early discipline and extend my gratitude for past enforcements of same.

Please accept the repeated thanks and best wishes to you and to old Loyola from an Old

Boy.

O. L. ON ACTIVE SERVICE

Lt.-Col. Harry Trihey, officer commanding the 199th Irish-Canadian Rangers, was in the English course at St. Mary's. When he left College he entered Law at McGill, and after graduating practised in Montreal. He will be remembered by many as captain and rover of the famous Shamrock Hockey Team which won two championships in the first years of the Arena. He was one of the most brilliant players in a period of really brilliant players.

Father William H. Hingston, S.J., though not one of our Old Boys, was for a long time a professor at Loyola, for five years as a scholastic and for two years after his ordination. He has been appointed Chaplain to the 199th Irish-Canadian Rangers. We are sure he will be as popular among the soldiers as he was among the boys. He has two brothers now serving in France: Captain Donald Hingston, C.A.M.C., and Lieutenant Harold Hingston of the 60th Battalion.

Captain J. B. Brannen has been attached to the 199th as Medical Officer of the Battalion. After leaving St. Mary's College he studied Medicine at McGill. He has been practising largely in New York State and came to Montreal from Tupper Lake. He played with Harry Trihey on the championship team and was popularly known as "Jack" Brannen. He was one of the speediest players in the game, and the leader in the thrilling dashes of the famous quartette of forwards.

In the account of the fighting, in which the Canadians played such a prominent part, given by the official eye-witness and published in "The Gazette," May 6th, we read: "Captain J. P. Walsh also distinguished himself by the rescue of a number of wounded men." Captain Walsh graduated from Loyola in 1904 and studied Medicine at McGill. He gave up a splendid practice in Quebec to volunteer for active service.

Captain George Vanier, B.A., 1906, has received high official praise for his gallantry. The Brigadier-General of the 5th Division wrote as follows to the officer commanding the 22nd Battalion: "My sincere thanks and appreciation. The manner in which your task was carried out reflects great credit on your battalion. I would particularly mention Lieut. Vanier and his party for the expeditious and efficient manner in which their work was performed over the distance to be traversed towards the enemy line, in the cutting of the wire and the placing of the charge, although a long period elapsed awaiting the progress of the unit working on your right. The charge was successfully fired with good results."

Lieutenant Vanier has since been promoted Captain in the 22nd.

We are glad to be able to congratulate our old friend George Boyce (O.L., 1900) on his promotion from Captain to Major. "The Iodine Chronicle", of which George is Managing Editor, thus celebrates his promotion:

And Captain Boyce
(The boys rejoice),
A good old stager,
Is made a Major.
Let Germans strafe
The unit's safe,
When men like these
Steer through the seas.

"The Iodine Chronicle" is published by No. 1 Canadian Field Ambulance. It was first issued on October 25th and has been appearing every fortnight since. Major Boyce kindly sent us some copies. We wish it all success and a large circulation.

Lieutenant Raymond Ryan (O.L., 1898) has been promoted to a Captaincy and appointed A.D.C. to General Steele. Ray is one of the boys of the early days of Loyola. He went to the front with the Third Contingent, a Lieutenant in Borden's Armoured Battery. We send him our sincere congratulations.

Lieutenant F. J. O'Leary (O.L., 1897), 53rd Battalion, has published the lectures of W. B. Wood, District Staff Adjutant for Military District No. 10, on the lieutenants', captains' and field officers' courses, in a compiled form of questions and answers. In the third part of the book, Lieut. O'Leary explains the true magnetic variation calculator, of which he is the designer.

Among the pioneers of Loyola who have joined the forces, the names of the Chevalier boys, Armand, Philippe, and Pierre, stand out prominently. Philippe Chevalier, after leaving College, went to the Ecole Polytechnique, whence he graduated as a civil engineer. Five years ago he went to the Northwest and since then has practised his profession with considerable success. When the war started he returned to Montreal and offered his services without delay, enlisting as a private in the 14th Battalion. Throughout all the hard fighting at Ypres, he served with consistent gallantry until, finally, for an unusually brilliant exploit he was promoted lieutenant on the field. From news that has filtered through from the front it is thought that the promotion was due to a smart piece of triangulation work which he initiated while in action, and which enabled the Canadians to get the exact range of the enemy. He was severely wounded last November and was invalided home. He quickly recovered and was transferred to the 163rd Battalion as Captain of Company A. Captain Chevalier left for Bermuda with his regiment in the middle of May.

Pierre Chevalier enlisted in the 14th at the same time as his brother and went to the front with him, the two privates serving in the same company. Pierre was wounded in the severe fighting at Ypres in April, 1915, and was sent to the base hospital at Shorncliffe. On his recovery he was promoted lieutenant for bravery and efficiency and again returned to the front. This time he joined the 22nd. In changing his regiment, however, Pierre Chevalier did not lose touch with his family, since he found another brother, Captain Armand Chevalier, serving with the 22nd as paymaster.

The name of Lieutenant Charles G. Power (B.A., 1907), of 543 Old Orchard Avenue, Quebec, in the casualty list of December 8th, among the wounded of the Third Battalion, reminds one of the many Canadian athletes who have given their blood in the service of the Empire. Charles Power, or "Chubby", as he was known to his intimate friends and to the followers of the National Hockey Association, was at one time a prominent member of the Quebec Hockey Club, where he played on the forward line for several seasons. He went through his classical course at Loyola and graduated in 1907. He was one of the most prominent athletes of his day in the College. Afterwards he studied Law at Laval and graduated with success. It was while he was a law student that Chubby played for the Quebec Hockey team. Once he had completed his course, however, he gave up athletics and devoted himself to the practice of his profession. When war was declared, he was one of the first to enlist, and he has been through several difficult campaigns.

Lieutenant G. Victor Walsh was wounded in action early in May. Lieutenant Walsh first came to Loyola in 1904 and was with us for seven years. After leaving college, he was connected with the C.P.R. Shortly after war broke out, he resigned his position and joined the 24th Battalion. On Easter Sunday, just after returning to the trenches from a short leave in England, he wrote to a friend that he was then well, and had not been ill or wounded since first entering the trenches early in October. We are glad to be able to say that Lieutenant Walsh's wounds are not serious.

A card was received from Thaddeus Armstrong, dated April 16th, 1916. It reads: "I have been admitted into hospital wounded, and am going on well, and hope to be discharged soon. I am being sent down to the base. Letter follows at first opportunity."

Corporal Alain de Lotbinière MacDonald, serving with the machine gun section of the 24th Battalion, was wounded in the head by a bursting shell.

Captain Guy Boyer, of the 22nd Battalion, is under treatment for his eyes, owing to the effects of lachrymose gas.





CAPT. THE REV. WM. H. HINGSTON, S. J., Chaplain, 199th.

LT.-COL. HENRY J. TRIHEY, O. C. 199th.

CAPT. JOHN B. BRANNEN, Med. Officer, 199th.



A MESSAGE

Soldiers of old Loyola who to shield

The liberty of our fair land and wide
To Duty's call in accents firm replied:

"In Freedom's cause our lives, our all we yield,"
Oh! Ye who dauntless still are in the field,
Oh! Ye who shed your blood and nobly died,
God's heroes all, your Alma Mater's pride,
To all the world your glory stands revealed.

Across the great Atlantic's floor of blue,

To every trench where fights a well-loved son,

Loyola's heart a mother's greeting sends:

To God's own care your safety she commends,

And hopes, when peace triumphant ye have won,

To welcome home her children staunch and true.

REX REGIS.



ALUMNI NOTES &

The members of the Loyola Old Boys' Association held their annual meeting in the College on the evening of April 12th. The attendance was not as large as on some former occasions. This was due no doubt in part to the fact that the meeting had been postponed from November, when it is usually held. Again, more than one hundred members of the Association are on active service. Those, however, who were able to attend had a very successful meeting. After the officers had read their report and statements, which showed the organization to be in a flourishing condition, the members proceeded to elect the officers for the ensuing year. The usual scholarships were then tendered, and a social hour was spent at the College.

The following gentlemen will hold office until the next meeting:

President-Mr. John T. Hackett, B.L., B.C.L.

Vice-President-Mr. Paul S. Conroy, B.A., B.C.L.

Sec.-Treasurer-Mr. Augustine Downes, B.A., B.Sc.

Committee—Mr. Robert, J. Wickham, Mr. Walter M. Merrill, B.A., B.C.L., Mr. Edmund Coughlin, B.A., B.C.L., Mr. Charles Bermingham.

Since the appearance of last year's "REVIEW" many enquiries have been made about the graduates of Loyola. The following notes may be of interest to our readers. We would gladly receive further details about our graduates.

In future when speaking of former students who have not graduated we shall attach to their names the letters O.L. and the year of their entrance to the College. "O.L." stands for "Old Loyola." In order to distinguish those who have graduated, the degree obtained in the College and the year of graduation will be added to the names.

CLASS OF 1903.—Peter Donovan, the medallist of the class, travelled for some years in the Southern States after leaving Loyola. Later he returned to Canada and entered journalism. At present he is on the staff of the "Saturday Night," Toronto. Joseph Downes obtained the degree of B.C.L. at McGill. Albert Lortie joined the Oblate Order. After ordination he spent some years in Ceylon as a missionary. Later he returned to Ottawa University. Eustace Maguire left Montreal to reside in Colorado. His present address is unknown. Francis E. McKenna studied law at McGill, and is a member of the notarial firm of Stuart, Cox, McKenna & Perodeau. Henry Monk entered Law at Laval, and after a successful course, he practised in Montreal. He died in 1909. John Shallow studied law with great success at McGill and is now a member of the legal firm of Kavanagh, Lajoie & Lacoste.

CLASS OF 1904.—Of the graduates of '04 three studied Medicine at McGill, James C. Clarke, William J. Kaine, and John P. Walsh. James

Clarke when last heard from was practising in Seattle. William Kaine has an extensive practice in Megantic, Que. John Walsh, when the war was declared, joined No. 2 Hosp., C.A.M.C. Guy A. Hamel followed the Medical course at Laval and since his graduation has been practising in Montreal. Corbett F. Whitton obtained the degree of B.Sc. in Mechanical Engineering at McGill in 1908. He is now with the Steel Company of Canada, Limited, in Hamilton, Ont. Joseph Descarries graduated from the Engineering course of McGill. Francis Downes entered the Jesuit Novitiate and is now Professor of Rhetoric at Loyola.

CLASS OF 1905.—Gerald C. Murray joined the Congregation of the Redemptorists. He was ordained in Montreal, and shortly afterwards was sent to Rome for special studies. When the war broke out he returned to America. He is at present Professor of Philosophy at Mount St. Alphonsus, Esopus, New York. Edward Pacaud entered the Quebec Seminary and was ordained at the Jesuit Church in Quebec. He was appointed curate at Levis and thence went to Regina as secretary to Bishop Mathieu. Later he was parish priest at Qu'Appelle, but was compelled by ill-health to return East. He was curate at Thetford Mines for some time and is now in Quebec.

CLASS OF 1906.—Gaspard Archambault is a partner in the firm of Archambault & Conway, Engineers and Contractors, Bleury St., Montreal. Raymond J. Cloran entered the Jesuit Novitiate and is Professor of English in St. Mary's College. Gerald A. Coughlin obtained the degree of B.C.L. in the Law School of McGill. For some time he was a member of the firm of Heneker, Chauvin, Baker & Walker. He has lately removed to Calgary where he will continue to practise. John T. Hackett studied Law at McGill, and after a successful course entered the legal firm of Foster, Martin, Mann, Mackinnon, Hackett & Mulvena. J. Chester Regan when last heard from was with the Swift Packing Co., Maplewood Ave., Chicago. George P. Vanier entered Laval University to study Law. After obtaining his degree he travelled for some time. He is now at the front.

CLASS OF 1907.-D. Patrick Coughlin entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet and is Professor of Rhetoric in St. Boniface College, Manitoba. John C. Davis studied engineering at McGill and has since been with the Canadian General Fire Extinguisher Company. He was in Winnipeg for some time but was lately transferred to a more important position in Toronto. Theo. N. Descarries is a partner in the law-firm of Descarries & Descarries, Lachine. Ernest H. Dickinson was for some years in Montreal with the Bell Telephone Company. He then went West, and later to Alaska. He has returned to the East, but his address is unknown. Adolphus Filion studied Medicine. G. Francis Maguire obtained his degree in Law at Laval. When the war broke out he qualified as Captain, but was unable to secure a commission in time and enlisted as a private. He has since been promoted to Lieutenant. Hubert J. Mayrand's present address is 1234 Wisconsin Ave., Dormont, Pittsburg, Pa. Charles G. Power is at the front. An account of what he has done since leaving College will be found in our notes on Loyola boys serving with the forces.

CLASS OF 1908.—Four of the graduates of '08 studied Law at McGill. Michael T. Burke is now with the legal firm of Trihey, Bercovitch, Kearney & Lafontaine. Walter A. Merrill became a partner in the firm of Duff & Merrill, Barristers and Solicitors. T. Sargent Owens was practising in Montreal but gave up his practice to volunteer for overseas service. He holds a commission in the 207th Battalion. Joseph C. B. Walsh joined the notarial firm of Stuart, Cox, McKenna & Pérodeau and later opened his own office. Vincent J. McElderry, another of this year's graduates, studied Law at Osgoode Hall, Toronto. He is practising in Peterborough, Ont. M. Augustine Downes entered the faculty of Applied Science, McGill and obtained the degree of B.Sc. in Civil Engineering. At present he is on the Engineering staff of this city. Leo T. Lynch took the course of Mining Engineering at McGill. Although a qualified officer he answered the call for men by enlisting as a private.

CLASS OF 1909.—Arthur L. McGovern studied Law. When the war broke out he gave up a splendid practice in Winnipeg to volunteer for active service. He is a captain in the 28th. John C. Wickham graduated from the Medical course of McGill. He was on the staff of the Royal Victoria Hospital for some time. He is now at the front with No. 3 General Hospital. The other members of the class were Joseph Brais, René Savoie, and Charles Trudeau, but beyond hearing that they have taken up some profession we have had no news of them. Brais studied Medicine, Savoie, Engineering, and Trudeau, Law.

CLASS OF 1910.—Paul S. Conroy graduated from McGill with the degree of B.C.L. He joined the notarial firm of Stuart, Cox, McKenna & Pérodeau. He has now opened his own office and has a good practice. John Galligan studied Law but we have not at hand the name of the firm with which he is practising. Gerald Griffith obtained the degree of M.D. at McGill. He is now Captain in the Royal Army Medical Corps. We have just heard that Andrew Kavanagh is in Wheaton, Minn., in connection with the United States Geological Survey. Donald MacDonald entered Osgoode Hall, Toronto, graduated in 1913, and joined the law firm of Blake, Lash, Cassels & Anglin. Arthur Pérodeau studied Law and is with the firm of Stuart, Cox, McKenna & Pérodeau. John Shee entered the faculty of Medicine at Laval in Quebec, the year following his graduation, and is now Captain, C.A.M.C.

CLASS OF 1911.—Thomas J. Galligan studied Medicine and is practising in Toronto. Mercier Gouin graduated from Law at Laval, Montreal and is now with the law firm, Murphy, Bérard & Perrault. Stephen Kelly is on the staff of "The Montreal Daily Star." T. Conrad Wolff is studying Medicine at McGill.

CLASS OF 1912.—F. Harold Davis entered Chemical Engineering at McGill in 1913. He has successfully completed his third year. Paul Lafontaine studied Law at McGill and Laval and then went to Europe. He died in Paris a few months ago. Bernard McCullough was for two years in Winnipeg with the West Canada Publishing Co. In 1914 he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Poughkeepsie, New York.

CLASS OF 1913.—Edmund Coughlin, Edmund O'Reilly and Emery Phaneuf obtained the degree of B.C.L. at McGill this year. Albert Aubin is studying Law at Osgoode Hall, Toronto, and Charles Bérard at Laval. Alexander Charlton has completed his third year in Mining Engineering at McGill. Harold Kavanagh is pursuing his scientific studies privately.

CLASS OF 1914.—Ronald McEachen is studying Medicine at Queen's, and E. Grimes Murphy, Law, at Osgoode Hall. Bernard McTeigue is in business in Port Arthur, Ont.

CLASS OF 1915.—Thomas P. Dillon entered Law, McGill, and Raymond Kramer is at the same University studying Medicine. Gerard Jobin entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Sault-au-Récollet. Joseph O'Hagan is in the Seminary, Montreal.

The Reverend James J. Flood, O.L. (1904), was raised to the priesthood Sunday, June 20th, 1915, in St. James Cathedral, Montreal. We offer him our sincere congratulations.

Mr. Gerald Coughlin (B.A., 1906) was recently married at St. Anthony's Church. He has since moved to Calgary where he will practise his profession of Law. He has the good wishes of all Loyola boys.

Mr. John C. Davis (B.A., 1907) is to be married in Winnipeg in June. John was in Montreal for a very short time early in May. He did not have time to call at the College, but he communicated with us by telephone. After his marriage he will live in Toronto, whither he has been transferred from Winnipeg, to look after the interests of the Canadian General Fire Extinguisher Company. We send him our congratulations and best wishes for further success.

Lieutenant Harold Hingston (O.L., 1898) was married just before leaving for England with the 60th Battalion. This is the first opportunity we have had of congratulating him on the happy event.

John T. Hackett has been elected President of the Junior Bar Association, and Walter A. Merrill, a Councillor.



A CLASSICAL INTERLUDE

Every now and then one is seized by the impulse to brush up one's Latin—that is, presuming one has such a thing to refurbish. Perhaps it is a scrap of Latin in a newspaper which offers sudden and unexpected difficulties. Perhaps it is the appeal for assistance of a school-boy working painfully over some puzzle of the irregular verbs—they are a monument to the sardonic humour of the ancient Romans. In any event, the effect is to arouse a sudden determination to "get my Latin up again."

Usually the impulse never gets any farther than a vague regret that one has so long abandoned poor Cicero and the Gaul which "in tres partes divisa est," accompanied by an even vaguer determination to mend one's classical ways. But occasionally one does actually go so far as to dig out an old Latin class-book from the dust and litter of the top shelf.

I did so not long ago. It happened that an inscription on a medal had defied my best efforts at interpretation. I couldn't make head or tail of the thing—a shameful position for a man who had made his full classical course (at Loyola, too). Besides, there was nothing particular on for that evening—none of the theatres or political meetings or murders that form part of a newspaperman's routine duty. Here was a chance to spend an evening with old Horace—I had some vague notion of reading the old boy through.

Curious how one's fancy lightly turns to Horace at such times. Never Cicero—certainly not the Cicero of the Orations. Windy stuff, most of the speeches, it always seemed to me. And Virgil is—well, rather too massive and remote. Beautiful work, of course, but hardly the sort of thing one picks out to read with one's slippered feet on the fender. But Horace—oh, Horace is different. A companionable, chatty little man. And those Odes of his are so temptingly brief!

After a search—rather longer than I like to confess—I discovered the dingy, dog-eared, and pencil-marked volume which had been the companion and the burden of my Humanities year. The next thing was to get the dictionary, an indispensable tool when there is brushing-up to be done.

"Maecenas atavis edite regibus"

There is nothing like starting a book right at the beginning. Besides, it was the Ode I knew best. And things went surprisingly well for the first few verses. There were snags, of course, but I managed to muddle through them with a pretty fair notion of the meaning and construction. It was pleasant to think that even after fifteen years one remembered so well.

Without pausing for breath I plunged right on into "Jam satis terris nivis atque diræ"—just couldn't stop myself! The going, however, was a good deal harder here. Those dynastic allusions were rather beyond me, and I'm afraid I made rather sad work of the mythological ancestors of the

divine Augustus—incidentally what awful twaddle even a sensible chap like Horace could talk in these formal addresses. But then, think of the birthday odes of our own British poet-laureates!

I had reached "Sive tu mavis, Erycina ridens," but my Latinity was getting very wobbly in the knees—"groggy," in the select language of the prize-ring—and every now and then it went down for a count of seven or eight. Nothing but frequent clinches with the dictionary saved it from the ignominy of a clean knock-out.

I had just laid the lexicon down after a more than usually prolonged and fumbling wrestle, and was leaning back in the chair in a more comfortable position, when I suddenly became conscious that someone was reading over my shoulder—you know how you instinctively feel it.

"As I might easily have known, Quintus," said a grave but slightly irritable voice, "the barbarian is reading one of your Odes—the one you wrote to Octavianus when he assumed the title of Augustus. You remember the tempest and the flood next night, don't you? You got good copy out of them. If Apollo himself turned courtier, he couldn't have bettered the verses."

"Whip me with rods, if you were not always the most punctilious fellow in all Rome, Virgilius!" said another voice—wheezy, but unctuous and merry.

I peeped around the corner of the chair and saw a stout little man with a bald head and the mouth of a humorist turned down at the corners. He had quick dark eyes, very keen and sparkling, though the lids seemed a little sore and red.

"Of course, it was courtly stuff," he said, squinting down at the book and shrugging his shoulders slightly, "but what would you have? You know I was on the wrong side at the Battle of Philippi, even if I did run away. And it takes a lot of compliments to make an emperor forget indiscretions of that sort."

I noticed that his long robe had a band of bright blue about the edge it was wrapped around him and thrown up over the left shoulder. On his head was a crown of leaves of some sort, a little to one side. It gave him a somewhat doggish, roistering air. And yet there was nothing foppish about it—rather the air of a man who followed a freakish fashion and laughed at it.

"But, my dear Horatius, I am not criticising," protested the other, still in that grave but slightly worried voice. "There is nothing I admire more than your gift of turning the occasion into poetry. You could write verse that was timely and yet for all time. Now, I could never do that. Whenever I finally got started, the occasion was always past. My slow, lumbering Muse...."

"Chide not your Muse," interrupted the other, with a little wave of the hand. "She was commissioned by the high gods to build temples, not to throw flowers on public holidays. Your Muse is a priestess, mine a laughing girl at a wayside fountain."

It was said with a charming air, and a slight flush passed over the tall man's face. He had a long, grave face, rather sallow, lined from thought and perhaps from illness. His robe was clutched tight about him as if to keep out draughts. He looked ungainly and frail and more than a little peevish. But the brow and eyes were fine—clear, grey eyes that brooded

under the domed forehead like lights in a church. He flushed and made a deprecating movement of the head, but said nothing and kept looking down thoughtfully at the book on my lap. It made one a little nervous.

"Castor and Pollux, what rotten weather these barbarians have!" grumbled the short man from the window, where he was looking out discon-

solately at the dripping trees and the sparse and bedraggled grass.

Ours is not a particularly attractive backyard at the best of times, and it was just then in that most unlovely season when the buds of spring are still in the sheath and the debris of winter clutters the ground like the wreckage of a routed army. It was raining, too, a hard, chilly rain almost like sleet.

"April!—and for all the look of it, it might be January in some dark windy valley of the Apennines. Now, at my farm in the Sabine hills the trees in April would be gay with blossoms and the garden with flowers, and the girls would be out singing and laughing in the vineyards. It was fine after the noise and bustle of Rome to lie in the sun and listen to them. And you remember at Tibur, how the lawn sloped down to where the Anio sparkled among the trees. That was a country to make a man regret dying!"

His enthusiasm was delightful and infectious, though it had something rather wistful about it. The tall man looked up and his eyes sparkled.

"A pretty stream your Anio, Quintus, but give me the Mincio, where it wound around the pastures down to Mantua. There was no beauty in Rome like the splendor of these meadows in the spring, with the cows standing knee-deep in the grass and the bees making the air sleepy with their humming. One stung me once and I ran crying home—I remember father refused to pull the sting out till I smiled. He said Romans never cried—though we were not Romans till the Imperial decree made us so later on. I thought it curious at the time."

"So you took revenge by putting the bees into your Georgics, eh?" laughed the other. "Holy mother Ceres, but we are still country-boys at heart!"

The tall man didn't answer. He was bending over the dictionary, following the crowded type with his finger.

"What a way to read poetry," he muttered. "The barbarians! the barbarians!"

The one he called Quintus joined him and squinted down with his short-sighted eyes. Then he chuckled—somewhat sarcastically, it seemed to me.

"Naturally, my dear Virgilius. You see, he doesn't know the words, and a certain vague notion of the meaning is necessary for the enjoyment of.."

"But the music and the colour and all that makes poetry beautiful," interrupted the other, "how in the world can he get the charm and melody by painfully spelling the verse out word by word this way? Verse is to be chanted, it should flow. These barbarians make a labour out of it."

This was being personal with devastating frankness, and I felt myself blushing. The short man laughed.

"But, after all, isn't it rather flattering that they should struggle over our verses," he said, "when they might so much more easily put in the time with their own barbarous writings?"

"I don't think so at all. Better that the peasant should sing his own

rude ballads than mangle the divine odes of Pindar. I wish now that Augustus had heeded my request when I lay ill of the fever at Brundisium, and let them burn my manuscripts. I would rather have had the Aeneid destroyed than that it should be butchered by"

"You would have done the world a great wrong. It is well that these people should know of Troy and mighty Aeneas and the fathers of Rome, even if they have to toil slowly through the glorious record and miss half its beauty. But you were ever too sensitive."

The tall man was unconvinced. He shook his head mournfully.

"No, no, it should never have been done," he said. "The work was unfinished and in the rough. It should never have been given out. If I had only been granted time—even one year more!"

"What the gods in their wisdom decide, Virgilius—but come, or in a moment I will be preaching. Let us take the question up with Maecenas and Varus. They will be waiting for us—I think I hear them calling now. Isn't that...."

I also thought I heard the sound of someone calling—a long way off, but gradually resolving itself into clear and familiar tones.

"I don't care how late you sit up reading," said my landlady at the bedroom door, "though the last gas-bill really was something scandalous. But I won't have you smoking in bed. The last time you burned a hole in the quilt, and...."

As a matter of fact, my pipe had fallen down beside me in the chair, but it had evidently been out for an hour or more. There is an odor of mortality about a dead pipe that is quite unmistakable. I meekly said I was going to bed.

I intend, however, to have another go at Horace one of those days. Perhaps next week—oh, well, sometime.

P. D., '03.



The Sodality of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary

The annual meeting for the election of officers for the Sodality of the Blessed Virgin was held on Sunday, October 24th. Rev. Father Swift, S.J., presided. After calling the meeting to order, the Reverend Moderator in a few words reminded the members that as Sodalists of the Blessed Virgin they ought to have a special devotion to her, and to show this devotion, not only by attending the meetings of the Sodality, but by exerting a good influence throughout the College. The following officers were then elected:

J. D. Kearney, '16
F. V. Hudon, '18
S. McDonald, '16
T. G. Walsh, '18
E. Chabot, '16
G. M. Carlin, '17
J. Gallery, '17
H. Doyle, '17
A. Chabot
J. McGarry
E. McGarr
G. Lonergan

Every Sunday afternoon the members of the Sodality met in the College Chapel to recite the Office of the Blessed Virgin Mary and to listen to a short and inspiring sermon. Throughout the year the members attended the meetings regularly and showed keen interest in the welfare of the Sodality. The day-scholars among us are deserving of special mention, as it is far more difficult for them than for the boarders to be faithful to their duties.

On May 28th, fourteen candidates were received as members of the Sodality. After the reception the Act of Consecration to the Blessed Virgin was recited and the ceremony was concluded by Solemn Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The members of the Sodality appreciate not only the constant attention the Reverend Moderator has shown to the Sodality in general, but especially the personal interest he has taken in every individual sodalist.

THE LOYOLA LITERARY AND DEBATING SOCIETY

The year which was brought to a close on April 16th, 1916, was one of the most successful in the history of the Loyola Literary and Debating Society. The roll was the second largest on the minute book, and with one or two exceptions the attendance of the members was exemplary. Three events were the outstanding features of the year: the first, the annual banquet, which was enjoyable as usual; the second, a mock trial, eclipsing all previous efforts in this line; and the third, the final meeting at which an innovation was introduced in the form of an illustrated lecture followed by a banquet.

On October 17th, 1915, the Society held its first meeting under the direction of Mr. J. I. Bergin, S.J., and the following officers were elected:

President John D. Kearney, '16.
Vice-President Charles E. Poirier, '16.
Secretary J. Edward Duckett, '17.
Councillors Somerled McDonald, '16.
Eugene Chabot, '16.

During the month of February Mr. Duckett was obliged, for personal reasons, to resign his office. Mr. Chabot was chosen to fill his place and Mr. J. M. Coughlin, '16, elected to the vacant councillorship.

The year's work began on October 24th, with a general debate. The resolution was "That the Women's Volunteer Reserve Corps should not be tolerated." After a lively discussion in which all the members took part the judge decided for the affirmative.

The executive debate was held the following Sunday. The subject, "Resolved that conscription should be adopted throughout the Empire" evoked great enthusiasm, and the resolution was defeated by the narrow margin of three points, the result reading 91 to 88.

As might be expected, several of the debates were on "war topics." Such were the general and executive debates; such was that of Nov. 14th, "Resolved that war news should not be censored"; such also were those of February 13th and 20th, "Resolved that the United States should enter the war in favor of the Allies" and "That military training should be introduced as part of the curriculum of the colleges of the country."

Other topics, chiefly of local interest, were "Resolved that tag-days be abolished"; "That Philosophy be taught and studied in English rather than in Latin"; "That a prospective business-man should not follow a classical course."

One of the closest debates of the year was on the resolution, "That the jury system should be abolished," when Mr. Delisle, to quote from the minutes, "electrified the house with an effective and forceful eloquence" and incidentally decided the judges in his favour.

The annual banquet was held on Thursday evening, February 17th. It is to be regretted that our Moderator and President were unable to be present, but La Grippe rendered their attendance impossible. Mr. E. G. Bartlett, S.J., presided as Moderator and Mr. Vice-President officiated as toast-master. In former years the toasts were so numerous that it was next to impossible to hear all the speakers within the allotted time, so this year the executive decided to call for only seven toasts. This plan worked much better as there was ample time to go through the bill of fare and it was unnecessary to cut short any of the speakers Thanks to Rev. Father McCarthy, S.J., an excellent menu was afforded and was thoroughly appreciated. Mr. John M. Coughlin, in proposing a toast to "Our Society," expressed the feelings of all present when he pathetically exclaimed "Gentlemen, as I rise on this momentous occasion to address you, I am too full for words!"

The list of toasts follows:-

	Proposer	Responder
The King	Mr. Toastmaster	
Canada	Mr. H. L. Blanchard	Mr. S. McDonald
Our Society	Mr. J. M. Coughlin	Mr. Vice-President
Our Moderator	Mr. C. E. Poirier	Mr. E. G. Bartlett, S.J.
The College	Mr. C. C. Phelan	Mr. E. G. Bartlett, S.J.
The Ladies	Mr. G. M. Carlin	Mr. G. Delisle
The Graduating Class	Mr. F. Bussière	Mr. E. Chabot.

At the meeting of Sunday, April 2nd, the mock trial was opened. In order to make a case, it was agreed that the executive should expel Mr. King from the society. Mr. King would then avail himself of the privilege of appeal granted by the constitution and this appeal would take the form of a trial.

Mr. President presided as judge and Mr. J. Ryan was appointed Sergeantat-arms to maintain order. Messrs. Poirier and McDonald acted as lawyers for the executive, while Mr. King was represented by Mr. J. M. Coughlin.

Mr. Poirier proposed Mr. King's expulsion in accordance with the constitution, and Mr. Coughlin presented his client's appeal in the following form:

"Whereas Mr. J. D. King has been served with notice that his expulsion from the Loyola Literary and Debating society under article 8, sub-section 2 of the constitution, is to be this day proposed, and

"Whereas under article 8, sub-section 2, of the constitution Mr. J. D.

King is accorded the right of appeal and fair trial;

"Therefore Mr. J. D. King proposes to exercise this right to show that he is in no wise at fault and must be honourably acquitted of the charge of wilful and inexcusable non-attendance at the meetings of this society."

The trial now proceeded rapidly. The defence upheld the action of the executive for two reasons. The first was that Mr. King had absented himself from two consecutive meetings, contrary to the constitution; the second, that in refusing to sign the roll Mr. King did not fulfil an obligation imposed by the constitution.

To prove Mr. King's absence Mr. Poirier called these witnesses to the stand:—

Mr. Secretary, who was certain that Mr. King had been absent from the meeting of February 6th, 1916;

Mr. Bussière, who testified to having seen Mr. King on Sherbrooke St. with a female companion during the time that the above meeting was in progress;

Mr. Dillon, who was with Mr. Bussiere at the time and corroborated his statements. The testimony of the two latter witnesses was substantiated by the roll-call, which showed that February 6th was the only meeting from which Mr. Bussière and Mr. Dillon had been absent together:

Mr. Doyle, who testified to having seen Mr. King again with a female companion, walking West on St. Catherine St. on the afternoon of February 13th, immediately after the meeting. Mr. Doyle claimed that Mr. King could not possibly have reached Bleury St. ahead of him, had he (Mr. King) been at the meeting, for the witness had left the college ahead of the other members;

Mr. Hudon, who also testified to having seen Mr. King a little later on, the same evening, further west on St. Catherine St.

After hearing these witnesses the court adjourned to the following Sunday. On the reopening of the court, Mr. Poirier continued his case. To prove that Mr. King had deliberately refused to sign the roll, the present secretary and the former secretary both testified to having requested Mr. King to fulfil this obligation.

Mr. Coughlin denied that his client had been absent on February 6th, and to disprove the testimony of Messrs. Bussière and Dillon, produced the plaintiff's diary, which showed that he was at home on the afternoon in question. Mr. King also assured the court that his conscience was clear with regard to the insinuations made by these witnesses. Concerning February 13th, counsel for plaintiff pointed out that it was possible for his client to reach Bleury St. ahead of Mr. Doyle, and that therefore the testimony was of no value. With regard to Mr. King's failure to sign the roll, his counsel claimed that this was not a serious offence, and that, moreover, according to the Constitution, the Secretary should have kept a separate list of members—(which, by the way, he did keep).

This concluded the examination of witnesses. A mild sensation was created when Mr. King was called by Mr. Poirier to give evidence. Reluctant to enter the witness-box, Mr. King began to question the Court's decision, when the Sergeant-at-arms peremptorily ordered him to respect the order of the Court, and escorted him to the stand.

In summing up, Mr. Coughlin insisted on the value of Mr. King's diary, on the possibility of his reaching Bleury St. ahead of Mr. Doyle, and also maintained that his client was ignorant of the clause in the Constitution dealing with absences. Mr. McDonald, for the executive, recalled the testimony of five witnesses as regards Mr. King's absence. Senior counsel for plaintiff joined issue with Mr. Coughlin on his last plea, urging that ignorance of the law excuses no one. He also insisted on the fact that the only witness for the plaintiff was the plaintiff's own diary.

The jury now retired. During their absence, Henry McLaughlin, our soldier-member, addressed the meeting. When he had concluded, Mr.

Chabot, seconded by Mr. Gallery, proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. McLaughlin for the interest he had shown in the Society as a member, and while expressing the Society's regret at his departure, commended the patriotism which had prompted him to enlist. As the jury had not yet returned, the Sergeant-at-arms was sent to find them. They returned and reported through the foreman, Mr. Delisle, that they had not come to a decision. They were given a week to deliberate, and the meeting adjourned. The following Sunday, the foreman reported that they could not agree, and after much discussion and many suggestions, it was finally decided that it should be recorded in the minutes that the jury had disagreed, and that the Court had given no decision.

The final meeting brought the Society out to the New College in Montreal West. A lecture illustrated by various slides, showing events of interest during the past year, was delivered by Mr. McDonald. Cartoons drawn by Mr. J. M. Coughlin were also thrown on the screen. A vote of thanks to the President was eloquently proposed by Mr. Delisle and seconded by Mr. Coughlin. After being photographed by Mr. Corcoran, S.J., the members turned their attention to the banquet which had been provided by the day-scholars, and arranged with taste by Messrs. Cuddy, Dooner and R. Coughlin in the Biological Laboratory. Every member of the Society was present at this meeting which was honoured by the presence of Mr. E. G. Bartlett, S.J., and Mr. J. A. Corcoran, S.J. The year's work was fittingly concluded with a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. J. I. Bergin, S.J., proposed by Mr. Duckett and seconded by Mr. Poirier.

E. CHABOT, '16.



SIDNEY LANE'S STORY

Some writers actually endure throes while they are engaged upon their compositions. In proof of this, we need not appeal to an elaborate cloud of witnesses; it is accepted as one of the stock bits of knowledge among all sentimentalists. Is not the poet, they say, one whose eye is always in "a fine frenzy rolling?" See the grim visage and dishevelled hair and the wild stare of an essayist in his bleak garret; a stack of cartoons show the picture year in and year in again.

But Sidney Lane was not going to suffer throes for any work of his, whether in prose or in verse. His pen would move, if it moved at all, at the prompting of a healthy, laughing heart. He held that Homer must have worked at his old heroic tales in the spirit of a child at play. Surely, Q. Horatius Flaccus—Horace on his Sabine farm—was a merry man with his pen or his "stilus." Even old, solemn Juvenal bravely asks, "What is to prevent a writer from teaching the truth even by means of a joke?" And if the dizzy-headed writers of our time, Sidney Lane would go on to say, are obliged to bandage their heads in ice, and live woe-begone days and nights, it is because they have drifted far from the harbours of truth, where sunshine and merry good will invest the commonest things of day with the halo of romance.

Sidney Lane was studying the classics, both ancient and modern, in the Sophomore Class; consequently without pedantic affectation he readily added: "The old Greek tragedies are solemn enough, I admit. Euripides and Sophocles speak their majestic lines with a severe air: they never put away the looks of terror. But they were living in a false world, in a civilisation which, however fair externally in art and letters, was without the warm, cheerful sunlight of truth."

"Who is the young orator?" would be a question from one of the group, when Sidney Lane, in earnest voice, had finished his commentary on the authors—commentaries that were frequent enough, as the class ambled along the corridor after a long morning session.

"Lane, the critic 'ex officio'," one classmate would reply, "is editing the fragment of a Theban legend."

"Say, Sid," his room mate added, "save your erudite observations for 'The Record,' and let's get down to dinner."

"There's a poem!" said Sidney Lane, after a few minutes, as he stood looking from his dormitory window.

"Write it!" exclaimed Walter Manning: "write it, and be done with it!" He went to the window to witness the scene which Sidney called a poem.

A little child, with a dinner basket, was going up a new-mown field. Her hard-working father, after the toil of the morning, was coming down to meet her. They met in the shadow of a tree at the very heart of the sweet-scented field. The man stopped and lifted his little child into his arms and kissed her.

"A scene for Sir Thomas More—I mean Blessed Thomas More," Sidney remarked, as he put his hand on Walter's shoulder. "You remember how Sir Thomas, after being driven from high office by the king, used to play with his children on the grass at Chelsea. And he said to his dear daughter Margaret: 'Well, Meg, if the worst comes, we can go about from house to house, singing Salve Regina.'"

"Why don't you quote something from Socrates?" asked Manning,

smiling into the bright face of Sidney Lane.

"One greater than both of these characters, yea, greater than a thousand of them," Sidney answered with something of solemnity. He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

Sidney Lane continued the exercise of his observant faculties; whatever occurrence, whether an incident in human life or a landscape effect crossed his eyes, was passed on to the keener consideration of his mind's eye. He was rich in observations, but his pen was slow to record them. As a consequence, Sidney was generally a week behind the other members of his class in English composition; and, consequence the second, he was hailed, during English sessions, as "the late Sidney Lane."

It was a common experience to see him, the night before an English paper was due, rush about his room or down the corridor in a feverish hope to discover

a flying introduction for his essay in prose or in verse.

"Well begun is half-done, as old Horace hath said ages ago," he would remark with merry laughter in his voice. "And our old master, M. T. Cicero, courageously admits that he was accustomed to write his instructions after everything else had been prepared. That's my method." Corridor and classroom knew him for a procrastinator—not in gathering material, but in setting his pen to paper. Yet in their heart of hearts they loved him, they sang his praises everywhere except in his own hearing, feeling that in his regard a couplet was perfectly applicable which he was constantly quoting,—

"A dreamer lives forever, But a toiler dies in a day."

Mr. McDonne, one of the teachers who lived in Sidney's corridor, was not surprised at a very sudden request for material for a story. It was late one Saturday night when a knock sounded at his door.

"Come in!" he called out; and then he whispered to himself, "This is

Sidney-wanting to remain up to-night."

Sidney entered. "Pardon me, Mr. McDonne, may I burn the midnight electricity?"

"The dark is just as good for dreaming," answered the master.

"But I must write;" and the merry lad endeavoured to look serious for the sake of winning credibility.

"Sunday begins at midnight," said the master good-naturedly. "Work away till midnight, if you are sure to be one of the first at morning chapel."

"Thank you!" And Sidney pretended to go.

But he had only presented the introductory part of his speech. "Pardon me again, Mr. McDonne. Could you take a few minutes to give me material for a story. I must have one for class on Monday morning."

"Write about 'The Predicament of a Procrastinator'," answered the master with a light laugh. There was sarcasm in his manner. Moreover, he made a gesture inviting Sidney to a chair.

"You have travelled, you have been in foreign lands, and you, Sidney Lane, are looking at an eleventh hour for material for a story."

"I can get scenery enough," answered the student, "easily enough; but I need an incident."

"Any ordinary incident ought to satisfy you in your present perplexity. You have been in Petrograd. Put your setting there. Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Sidney was laughing as he quoted from his Latin poet the sentiment of Mr. McDonne's last sentence: "Omne ignotum pro magnifico est."

The incident offered for Sidney Lane's belated exercise in English composition had a foreign setting.

It was located in a Jesuit novitiate on the 'rue de Sèvres' in Paris. Mr. McDonne went on to relate how upon a day, a young Jesuit novice, "not so young in another sense, for he had studied and practised law," was sent to act as porter. A woman, her eyes red with weeping, and her face flushed with anger, came and rang the bell violently. Pierre Olivaint, the novice, gently opened the door, and with becoming grace admitted the woman to the parlour.

"Whom do you wish to see?" he asked with gentle courtesy, when a pause came in the woman's furious wailing and unmannerly exclamations.

"You will do as well as anybody else!" she snapped at him, after a torrent of execration upon priests and religion. "You are one of them. I curse all priests, I hate religion! How can I say there is a God? See what the priests have done! They have deluded my daughter with their pious hypocrisies, and sent her to a convent. My only daughter! My beautiful devoted child!"

"My dear madame, I feel for your pain—the grief of the separation," the novice said very calmly, "but you may be guilty of slander—you must not speak as you do. A priest would not force your child, your only daughter, to a convent. You must have consented to her going. And she loves you all the more for your sacrifice."

"Who are you to try your pious cant on me?" the woman cried with a tinge of vicious anger in her tone. "You are like the rest of them."

"But I insist," Brother Olivaint replied with firm meekness. 'You must have given consent to your daughter."

"Well, I did," was the sharp answer. "But that is not your business. What was I to say when my little saint of a daughter pleaded with me?"

"And the dear Lord will bless you a hundredfold." The novice turned to go, thinking that he might send one of the Fathers to console the distraught mother.

"No! No!" she exclaimed. "I do not want to see any of your priests. You are all alike. What do you know about human love, you with your unnatural hearts? You cannot suffer as I do— you who know not what it is to be separated from one's child."

"And what did Brother Olivaint, the young novice, say to that?" anxiously did Sidney Lane put his question, and then he apologized for interrupting the narrative.

Mr. McDonne smiled, remarking, before he proceeded with the story, that with the novice's answer Sidney had enough material for a story this time.

"You do not know!" the woman cried again, "You have not lost a child."

"No, madame." Brother Olivaint turned quietly. Out of his candid eyes gleamed a convincing look, and his whole countenance wore an expression that commanded the woman's attention, "But, madame, I have a mother, I have a mother who loved me, who loves me—pardon me for my way of putting it—and no mother, save the Blessed Mother, ever loved her child with truer love. 'I know what it is to leave a mother; I know how a mother feels when she loves the company of her child, even in giving up her affectionate devoted child to the service of God. Pardon me, madame," the novice's voice was earnest yet rich with sympathy, "you have parted with your daughter; I have parted with my mother—my own true mother, God bless her!"

Sidney Lane had drawn to the edge of his chair, a look of intense interest upon his bright face: and when a pause came in Mr. McDonne's narration, he said, "The novice gave an answer that is eloquence and poetry."

"Well, go and make a story out of that!" replied the Master with a smile, as he reached towards his desk for a book.

"But I must get an ending for the story." There was supplication in Sidney's tone, which was intended to invite Mr. McDonne to continue his relation.

"Am I to say that the madame was reconciled to her daughter's vocation?"

"If you want to spare yourself the labor of creating a solution, tell what really happened. Say that the mother had a good cry, and then on her knees, much to the confusion of Brother Olivaint, she begged his pardon for her ill-temper and for the sin of scandal which she gave. And she begged him to have one of the Fathers write to the convent and tell the daughter that her mother was happy, and with a heart full of gratitude to God, was coming to Angers to visit the convent at Easter."

"At Angers?" inquired Sidney, intimating with youthful naiveté that he knew the city in Brittany.

"Quite so," Mr. McDonne replied; with a little nonchalance in his manner. He, too, had made a sojourn in the city by the Loire, with some scholastics who were interested in the archaeological remains of the ancient Roman town.

"Do you recall the large imposing convent which stood near the marketplace?" he asked.

Sidney was not able to say that he did; he could describe the great wind-mills on the hills, and the majestic bridge across the river.

"Well, the girl in the story or in this bit of history became the Superioress of that convent—a woman of great talent and greater holiness. And she afterwards went to China with three of the nuns and founded a splendid

school in one of the cities there. Her mother contributed the sum which paid for that enterprise."

"And what became of the Brother...." Sidney could not complete his

question.

"See here!" the Master was waving him away, yet with a smile at the merry grace upon his auditor's countenance, "do you want material for a book?"

"Only just one word about Brother Olivaint," pleaded the dilatory writer. "Surely, he had a career."

"Great in life," rejoined the Master, speaking slowly and with evident affection for the one of whom he was discoursing, "but a majestic hero in death. A life of ardent zeal, and of constant magnanimous kindnesses—I wish you would read it. And then the tragedy of his imprisonment and death during the horrors of the French Commune. He is a martyr, you know. But what would fascinate you—a fellow like you, Sidney Lane—are the countless little incidents, warm with human pathos, which are connected with his valiant martyrdom. For instance,—" Mr. McDonne realized that, besides indulging in a bit of biography of which he was fond, he was inviting the young student to postpone the labour of writing an English exercise.

"For instance," he repeated, "and this is positively the last minute you may have for that story,—when Father Olivaint was being led through the howling rabble to the wall where they were to shoot him, a wild woman of the streets seized a handful of mud and flung it spattering upon his face. Olivaint gently wiped away the mud, and with a benign smile, he raised his hand and said to the wretched girl, 'I bless you, my dear child!' And at a late hour that night, when the rabble had departed, this poor girl, who had carefully watched the part of the trench into which Olivaint's bleeding body had been flung, dug away the earth, lifted the dead body to her shoulders, and carried it to the Jesuit door on the 'rue de Sèvres'."

"The very door where Brother Olivaint had acted as porter?" asked

Sidney.

"The very door," was the reply. Mr. McDonne went out to say his rosary along the quiet corridor.

There was nothing singular about the fact that Sidney Lane, on the following Monday morning, entered English class without a written story. He quickly made his apologies to the Master, and, being able to show the rough draft of what appeared to be material for a story, he was accorded "three days of grace."

A month later, when the students returned from the Christmas recess, three of them went to Mr. McDonne's room with a basket of edibles.

"You want the use of my stove, I presume," said the Master. There was a small gas-stove in the corner of his room, and on many a bleak evening in winter, students from that corridor came to roast apples and chestnuts, and heat the pies and other things that would give consternation to a family of dyspeptics.

"Say, Mr. McDonne," said Branley, "what's got into Lane. He has returned with a stack of books about the French Commune, and pictures of Paris."

"And he wanted to read a pile of stuff he has written about a young Jesuit novice," Lloyd, the college pitcher, was making his protestation. "He got me started, and I was listening to the history of this young Olivaint's childhood days, when..."

A knock upon the door interrupted the narrative.

"Come in!" called Mr. McDonne. And in came Sidney Lane, with bright laughter, as he caught sight of the group about the fire.

"Say, Sid," Branley was speaking, "don't read your epic or your autobiography just now; Lloyd will spoil the mince-pie, if you bother him."

Sidney needed not to be told to keep his manuscript in the background that evening. He had a hearty appetite for things of a kind far different from literature.

Two years later, Mr. McDonne who was pursuing higher studies at Stockwood, looked anxiously into "The Record" to read the "write-ups" about his young friends of former days. His eye ran enthusiastically over the pages till it came to the space allotted to "Sidney Lane."

"A dreamer lives forever, But a toiler dies in a day."

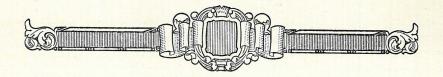
The well known couplet stood under Sidney's picture.

"Yet 'the Cid,' as we call him," the biographical pleasantry went on to say, "is a remarkable worker, too. He is the official historian of the French Commune. And we are told that he spent one of his summer vacations in work upon a biography. Nay, more, we know as certain that Sid has the book in the press; and for confirmation of this, we invite you to look upon the advertisements for the announcement, 'The Life and Times of Pierre Olivaint, Jesuit, by Sidney Lane.'"

Mr. McDonne flicked the pages past his eyes till he caught sight of the advertisement. Sure enough. There it was, vouched for by a well-known publishing house, "The Life and Times of Pierre Olivaint, Jesuit, by Sidney Lane."

"That's material for a story," whispered Mr. McDonne, as he turned back the pages to the picture of his young friend.

MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

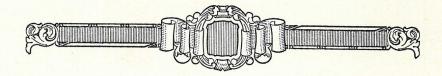


THE PRECIOUS BLOOD

O Jesus! How Thy mangled form has bled,
And bleeding, every torture sanctified;
The lash, the crown of thorns, the nails were dyed,
The cross itself with Thy life-blood was red!
E'en when cold death bowed down Thy sacred head,
And sin's sharp lance was plunged into Thy side,
How eagerly rushed forth the crimson Tide
To bathe the very spear by which 'twas shed!

What soul, sweet Saviour, would not dare implore
Forgiveness, though 'twere steeped in blackest sin?
E'en from the wounds we cause Thy loving Heart,
To cleanse our guilt bright ruby drops do start,
O hard the hearts that dwell our breasts within,
If we can think on this, then grieve Thee more!

REX REGIS.



A DESCRIPTION OF THE NEW COLLEGE & GROUNDS*

SITE:—The New Grounds and College Buildings are situated on Sherbrooke Street, in the extreme West of Notre Dame de Grace, convenient to the Street Cars, and within five minutes walk of the C.P.R. suburban station of Montreal West. The grounds, about fifty acres in all, extend both North and South of Sherbrooke Street, but for the present the South portion of about twenty acres will remain as an orchard and be cultivated by the College. The remainder, fully twenty-seven acres, is being laid out with a view to future developments.

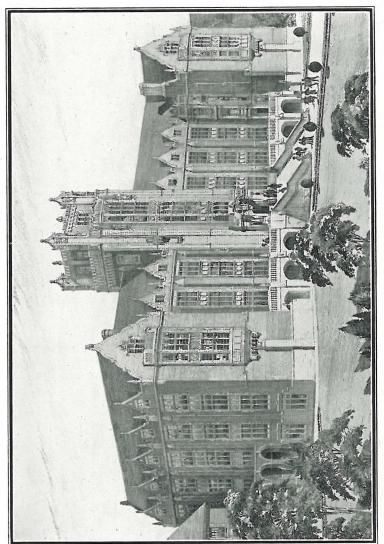
PLAN:—Before definitely fixing upon a plan, various similar institutions were investigated, and after mature consideration, it was decided to discard the generally accepted principle of one large building with its consequent dark and cheerless rooms, and to follow the modern English tendency towards separate buildings for each Department, to connect these buildings with cloisters and treat the quadrangles thus formed as lawns and flower gardens. The Block Plan herewith attached shows more clearly the scheme and the relative position of the buildings, campus, etc.

Facing Sherbrooke Street and set back 150 feet is the Main Administration and Faculty Building partly erected with space reserved for future buildings both to the East and to the West. Continuing North from the Administration and Faculty Building is the future Chapel, and behind it are the Refectory Building and to the East the Juniors' Building, both completed, and to the West the future Seniors' Building. North of the Refectory and Juniors' Buildings, and extending the full width of the property, over 750 yards, is the Campus, which should rank as one of the finest of its kind in Canada. As a means of comparison it may be noted that it is considerably larger than that of the M.A.A.A. Grounds on St. Catherine Street West.

At present, for financial reasons, only three buildings have been erected, these being the Juniors,' the Refectory, and part of the Administration and Faculty Building.

JUNIORS' BUILDING:—The Juniors' Building, which for the time being will accommodate both Seniors and Juniors, is L shaped in plan, about 160 by 130 feet, three-and-a-half storeys high, and has accommodation for about 115 Boarders. In the main portion of the Ground Floor are the Recreation Room, 95 by 30 feet, Billiard Room, Reading Room with open fire-place and bay-window, and Locker Room. The Eastern Wing of this floor provides accommodation for the Day Scholars and includes Study, Locker Room, etc. These two latter rooms are not yet completed, the space being required for the temporary Chapel.

^{*} Reprinted from Loyola College Review, 1915



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

The class-rooms measure about 27 feet by 22 feet, and are 12 feet high. They are well lighted and ventilated, and are so arranged that each room gets a good proportion of sunlight. In fact, this may be said of every room in the building without exception. The windows are large, and each class-room has its own ventilation so designed that in winter heated fresh air is blown in and extracted by fans, without having recourse to open windows. The study is treated in the same manner as the class-rooms, with windows facing South-East and West. The parlor is 27 feet by 22 feet, and has a large baywindow facing the Campus, and an open fire-place. On the Second Floor are the Sodality Chapel, two Dormitories, Bath-rooms and Lavatories. Sodality Chapel for the exclusive use of the Sodalists, has an open timbered ceiling, and will seat about sixty. The Dormitories have been modelled upon the type in vogue at the Naval Academy, Osborne, England. The beds are placed in the centre of the room, and around the walls are cubicles. Each of these cubicles contains a wardrobe 6 feet wide by 6 feet high, and a washbasin. Both Dormitories are well ventilated with windows placed 6 feet above the floor, and extractor-fans, etc. The Bath-rooms contain the most sanitary type of showers, bath-tubs and wash-basins, and special attention has been given to prevent scalding by the use of an automatic control valve which keeps the temperature of the water from going above a fixed point. The walls, floors, etc., of bath and toilet rooms are of tile, the only wood in these apartments being the doors.

THE REFECTORY BUILDING:—The Refectory Building, about 60 feet to the west of the Juniors' Block and connected to it by means of a cloister, is three storeys high. On the Ground Floor are the boiler and pump rooms, coal space, workmen's dining-room and dormitory, store rooms and cold-storage plant. On the First Floor are the Refectories, one each for the Community, Lay Masters, Seniors and Juniors; the kitchen, scullery, bakery, cook's store and service room. The Refectories are 18 feet high, and have large leaded glass windows, red English quarry tiled floors, and ornamented plaster beams, and the rooms are ventilated by means of extractor-fans. Much thought has been given to insure the success of the kitchen and its adjuncts. The Second Floor, almost entirely devoted to the Infirmary, is isolated by means of lobbies and cross ventilation. All the materials are impervious, and all dust-collected mouldings, etc., are eliminated. There is also a large dormitory and observation-room for isolation in case of an epidemic with room for twenty-five patients.

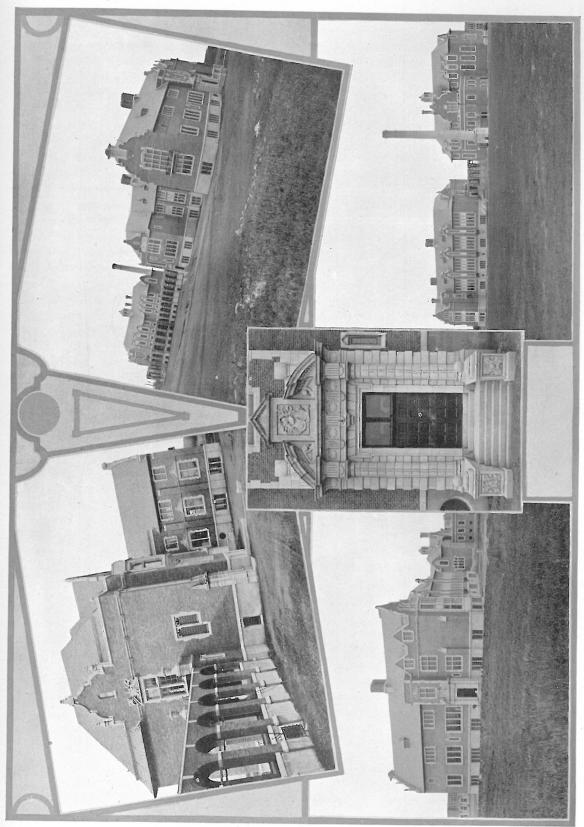
THE ADMINISTRATION BUILDING:—The Administration and Faculty Building, which is only partially built, will, when completed, be four and-a-half storeys high, with a large centre tower seven storeys high. On the Ground and First Floors the Eastern section will be entirely devoted to Chemical, Physical and Biological Laboratories, Preparation Room, and Dark Room for photographic and other purposes. These rooms are all inter-communicating. The remainder of these two floors is taken up with two double reception parlours, Community Library, Bursar's office, etc. The Second and Third Floors will be entirely devoted to the Community. In the centre, over the Main Entrance, will be the Community Chapel, 30 feet by 30 feet.

CHAPEL:—Centrally located between the Administration and the Refectory Buildings and to the West side of the Cloister line is the Chapel Building, with seating accommodation for about 500 persons. This building has been treated more or less in 14th Century English Gothic, both externally and internally. The floors will be of English oak parquetry or tiles, and the walls will be treated in rough plaster with stone trimmings and panelled wood dado 9 feet high. Special attention has been given to the large open raftered roof which will be built in B.C. Fir and will be a replica of the well-known and much discussed 14th Century roof of Westminster Hall.

EXTERNAL TREATMENT:—The accompanying Bird's Eye View of the completed scheme, the view of the Administration and Faculty Building, and the photographs of the buildings now erected, indicate the general design, which is more or less a free treatment of the Tudor and Early Renaissance type of English Collegiate and Domestic Work, adapted to suit modern requirements. The walls are of brick faced with Matt surface Greendale Bricks, with Indiana Limestone or Terra-Cotta trimmings, and set upon a base of Montreal limestone.

The Administration Block with Main Entrance in the centre of the Tower is fronted by an open arcaded terrace with a stone balustrade at top, and is approached by a flight of 22 steps 30 feet wide. The Tower, 40 feet by 30 feet, has four octagonals with a large oriel window in the centre having moulded mullions, cusped and traceried heads with cresting heraldic shields, etc. It is carried up to the roof, and forms with projecting corbelled and embrasured parapet a promenade all around the tower, from which every part of the City can be seen. The Main Entrance doorway, practically a copy of St. Mary's, Oxford, will have in the centre of the bay over the door a carved and traceried niche with a statue of St. Ignatius. The spaces between the Tower and the side projecting wings on both the North and the South Elevations will be divided into panels with buttresses, with intakes terminating under the moulded cornice. The windows will have moulded mullions with cusped and traceried heads, the panels between the windows being carved and enriched with traceried heraldic devices, etc. The small gablets over these windows will be shaped and moulded with ornamented finials. The turrets in the corners forming the two side entrances to the staircases will be slightly more Renaissance in treatment, and will have Entrance Doorways with fluted columns, enriched arch mould, entablature, etc., and the upper storeys will be treated in a similar manner, with intervening panels filled in with carving and terminated at the roof level with a large cartouche of typical Jacobean interlacing strapwork. The projecting wings have large oriel windows supported on corbels and terminated at the top with gargoyles at angles and traceried and embrasured parapet. These windows will have lead glazing, and the panels between them will be carved. The East and West Elevations are similar to the South Elevation already described, excepting that they will be treated less decoratively and that the gablets will be peaked with moulded finials.

The Chapel Block, as has already been noted, will be of 14th Century Gothic Design. The entrance will be from the Cloisters through an arched



doorway enriched with typical mouldings, pillars, and ornament, and above this will be a large stone traceried rose window. The gable will be peaked and have the stone skews terminated with a stone cross. The Side Elevation will be divided into bays with buttresses, and each bay will have a large stone mullioned and traceried window with leaded laticed glass; the eaves will be terminated upon a stone string course enriched with bosses carved with suitable motifs. The end bay will project a little further to accommodate the altars of the side Chapels and will have a niche with a carved symbolic figure. The Choir, Sanctuary, Sacristies, etc., call for special treatment to suit the lay-out, and this is done by introducing angle turrets with small slot windows and stone roofs. The gable of the Sanctuary is peaked and has large mullioned and traceried windows, stone skews and finials.

The Juniors' Building, except that the trimmings are Terra Cotta instead of stone, follows somewhat the same treatment as the Administration Block, with variations in the design of the gablets, doorways, etc., these being treated with a more Renaissance feeling. The large niche in the South-East gable is left prepared for a Terra-Cotta figure of St. Ignatius, and the smaller niches over the doorway, etc., are to receive small lead figures. A special feature is made of the oriel window of the Sodality Chapel which will eventually be filled in with leaded glass appropriately designed.

The Refectory Building calls for a slightly different treatment of windows to suit the lay-out. Sliding sash is used in place of casement and the dormers are grouped.

TYPE OF CONSTRUCTION:—As has been previously mentioned, all the buildings have been constructed in the most approved modern manner consistent with due economy. The structure is thoroughly fire-proof, consisting of reinforced concrete foundations, columns, floors, and ceilings with the space between the columns at the exterior walls filled in with 8 in. brick wall, a hollow space, and a 4-in. hollow Terra-Cotta inside wall or furring. The stairs are of iron. Numerous exits have been arranged, particularly in the dormitories, where in the event of a panic the students can, by opening a window in the end wall, readily pass out on to the concrete roofs of the cloisters. To show the advantages of this type of construction, it might be mentioned that when the Refectory Building was in course of erection a pile of about four tons of insulating material caught fire and burned and smouldered for several hours without causing any damage to the structure other than staining the walls. Had this occurred where there were wood floors, most of the building would have been destroyed.

The Heating is by hot water forced and accelerated by means of steam turbine pumps with an electric motor and pump for emergency. Extract ventilation is given where necessary, and in some rooms, such as class-rooms, study-halls, etc., warmed fresh air will be blown into the rooms at such times as it may be found inadvisable to open the windows.

CAMPUS:—The Campus, measuring approximately 270 yards by 150 yards, will be a distinctive feature of the new Loyola College and will furnish ample room for all the College Sports. The cinder-track will be 18 feet wide and one-third of a mile long.

THE GARDEN PARTY

There is one form of temptation to which every one should yield at this most delightful season of the year. It is the lure of the soft skies, the delicious air, the tender colouring of the fields and woods that on a fair day in June invite one so insistently to walk or drive "beyond the City."

The pleasure is not diminished and may be greatly heightened if one has an interesting objective that can be reached without fatigue or expense. No more excellent reason for taking such a brief excursion to the near-country presents itself at the moment than a visit to the New Loyola College in Montreal West, a bare half-hour's trolley ride from Dominion Square.

A delightful surprise awaits the visitor who has not previously seen this recent and important addition to the architectural wealth of our city. Those who have watched the progress of the graceful and dignified buildings, feel a constantly renewed pleasure in surveying their fascinating outlines and studying the interesting details that compose a peculiarly satisfying and unique effect. An ideal setting is offered by the magnificent Campus and spacious grounds, framed in a background of natural landscape effects of great charm and variety, to which a wide expanse of level fields, a low line of distant woods, a picturesque old orchard, and the noble height of Mount Royal, all lend distinctive notes.

The possibilities of such agreeable surroundings, suggested to an enthusiastic group of ladies interested in the success of the new Loyola the idea of a large Garden Party which would serve the double purpose of making it known to the friends and admirers of the College, and would at the same time offer an easy means of raising much-needed funds for the furnishing of the Sodality Chapel. This is an object which appeals strongly to parents and friends of the students of the old college who for many years have enjoyed the privilege of attending the services in the small but convenient chapel on Drummond Street.

Out of simple gratitude, as well as loyalty to the kind and hospitable Rector and his reverend Assistants, each one approached on the subject readily and warmly commended the idea. A large, enthusiastic Committee was formed to carry out the plan. The attendance at the first meeting left little room for doubt as to the ultimate success of the venture. The organizers, Mrs. E. C. Amos and Mrs. J. G. McCarthy, met with hearty support in every direction. Officers of the provisional Committee were elected as follows: President, Lady Hingston; First Vice-President, Mrs. N. A. Timmins; Second Vice-President, Mrs. H. J. Trihey; Third Vice-President, Mrs. J. J. McMartin, Cornwall; Hon. Treasurers, Mrs. E. C. Amos and Mrs. J. G. McCarthy; Hon. Secretary, Mrs. H. J. Kavanagh.

It was decided to include Music, Bridge and Games in the attractions for the Garden Party, and to have an afternoon and an evening programme. The following ladies kindly agreed to act as Conveners of the different groups: Refreshments, Mrs. Arthur Terroux and Mrs. E. Desbarats; Music, Miss E. Power O'Brien; Decorations, Mrs. J. T. Walsh, Mrs. P. S. Doyle, Mrs. Arthur Kavanagh and Mrs. John Hackett; Home-made sweets, Mrs. Wm. Scully and Mrs. D. L. Chabot; Flowers, Mrs. Hugh Semple and Mrs. E. R. Décary; Cigarettes, Mrs. J. P. Kavanagh and Mrs. D. V. Murphy; Publicity, Miss Anna Doherty and Miss L. E. F. Barry; Amusements, Miss D. Kinsella; Bridge, Mrs. G. E. Hall and Mrs. J. T. Davis.

The Patronesses of the entertainment are: Mrs. P. E. LeBlanc and Lady Gouin, Quebec; Mrs. C. J. Doherty, Ottawa; Mrs. T. Chase Casgrain, Ottawa; Miss Guerin, Mrs. T. W. McGarry, Toronto; Mrs. M. J. O'Brien, Renfrew; Mrs. Edward Murphy, Mrs. Chas. F. Smith, Lady Murray, Mrs. E. W. Tobin, Mrs. Godfrey Weir, Mrs. M. Chevalier, Mrs. Arthur Boyer, Mrs. Cornelius Coughlin, Mrs. J. T. Davis, Mrs. S. R. Thompson, Mrs. Arthur Whitney, Mrs. James Cochrane and Mrs. H. W. Mulvena, Sherbrooke.

A meeting of the Conveners—twenty-five in number—was held at the new College on May 16th, to lay out the scheme of the Entertainment. All reported favourable progress with the collection of materials and the sale of tickets. It is estimated that from 1,000 to 1,500 guests will accept the invitation to be present. The admission tickets at one dollar each, including Bridge and Music (half-price for young people), are in the hands of the Conveners and their assistants. They can also be obtained at the old College, Drummond Street.

An elaborate scheme of decoration is planned by Mrs. J. T. Walsh. The Royal Arms will surmount the Administration Building. Four search-lights will be in operation, flags and Chinese lanterns will lend a festive air to the walks and the Campus. Attractive booths will be erected on the lawn for the sale of flowers, sweets, ices, and cigarettes. In the Refectory Building, where tea will be served, a room will be set apart for Bridge and another for an excellent concert which is being arranged by Miss E. Power O'Brien and which will include several interesting features by local amateurs.

Games and other amusements for the younger folk will be provided in separate tents on the Campus.

With ample indoor space to accommodate the largest attendance, the committee feel no uneasiness concerning possible vagaries of the weather, and with the assistance of over a hundred young ladies, the conveners are confident that all the arrangements will be successfully carried out to ensure for the undertaking the magnificent success which it is hoped will crown the eventful day and evening of Thursday, the eighth of June.

COLLEGE STAFF

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TWENTIETH ACADEMICAL YEAR 1915-1916

M M M

REV. THOMAS J. MacMAHON, S.J., Rector.

REV. MOSES C. MALONE, Prefect of Studies and Discipline.

REV. A. JOSEPH PRIMEAU, S.J., Bursar.

REV. HENRY J. SWIFT, S.J., Apologetics.

MR. ERLE G. BARTLETT, S.J., Mental and Moral Philosophy.

MR. JOSEPH A. CORCORAN, S.J., Higher Mathematics, Sciences.

MR. FRANCIS J. DOWNES, S.J., Rhetoric.

MR. JOSEPH I. BERGIN, S.J., Humanities.

MR. WALTER S. McMANUS, S.J., First Grammar.-Librarian.

MR. THOMAS J. LALLY, S.J., Second Grammar "A."

MR. FRANCIS R. BURKE, Second Grammar "B."

MR. D. FRANCIS McDONALD, S.J., Third Grammar.

MR. LEO P. BRADLEY, Latin Rudiments.

REV. ALFRED J. BREWER, S.J., Preparatory I.

MR. WALTER S. GAYNOR, Preparatory II.

MR. JOHN H. KEENAN, S.J., Prefect.

MR. ROMULUS DUROCHER, S.J., Prefect.-French.

MR. FRANCIS J. McDONALD, S.J., Prefect.

MR. E. EICHORN, Music.

MR. ALBERT CHAMBERLAND, Music.

J. G. McCARTHY, Esq., M.D., College Physician.

J. L. D. MASON, Esq., M.D., College Physician.

THE GRADUATES OF 1916

EUGENE CHABOT

Eugene Chabot has been at Old Loyola for the past ten years and can claim to have completed the entire course from the lowest class to the highest. But that is not all; he has, during those years, established an enviable—even brilliant—record, for he has always taken honours in his examinations, and from Preparatory to Philosophy has never relinquished the leadership of his class. His activities are not confined to the class-room, but extend to the campus, the debating-room and every department of College life. With an unassuming and slightly hesitating manner he combines enthusiasm, energy and determination of character. His cheerfulness and buoyancy of spirits reveal a thoroughly unselfish, generous and friendly nature.

He has our best wishes; and whatever path of life he may choose to follow, we feel sure that his many qualities will secure for him what he has always had at Loyola—success and friends—but success in a more extended field and friends in greater number.

EDWARD DUCKETT, '17.

The hour draws near when we must bid farewell to our Alma Mater, to whom we owe a training and an education of which we shall always be proud. The debt can never be repaid. The most we can do is attempt to reflect credit on the College, which we leave with happy memories that will never fade.

EUGENE CHABOT, '16.

JOHN M. COUGHLIN

It was in Latin Rudiments that John Coughlin began his career at Loyola, and throughout the course he has always held an honourable place in his class. He is a fluent and effective speaker, and wields a ready and easy pen, being peculiarly successful in light, humourous writing, prose and verse. He also leaves behind him an enviable athletic record. On track, gridiron and diamond his prowess will not be forgotten. Moreover, he has been an active and ever-helpful supporter of the LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW.

He leaves us with the intention of becoming a journalist, for which calling he undoubtedly possesses many special qualifications. We all wish him every possible success, and confidently predict it for him.

A. F. McGILLIS, '17,

We must now say farewell and sever the associations and friendships of many a year. This is the thought which tempers the joy a student naturally feels as the day of his graduation approaches. Sadly, therefore, and with a feeling of sincerest regret do I bid farewell to my comrades and friends, to my masters, and, last but not least, to Loyola—to my Alma Mater.

JOHN M. COUGHLIN, '16.

ROBERT P. COUGHLIN

For eight years Robert Coughlin has been a student at Loyola College. Popularly known as "Bob," he has made many friends while with us. Cheerful and optimistic, he takes life as it comes to him and ever refuses to be downcast. His natural wit and keen sense of humour are the delight of his companions, and the key to his success in light literature and public entertaining. He has always been prominent in College life, and has played for many of the senior teams, being especially active in tennis and baseball. He has evinced particular interest in the Scientific Society, of which he is Secretary.

While we are sorry to have him leave us, we are sure he will ably uphold the honour of his Alma Mater in whatever walk of life he may choose. We wish him every success in his future enterprises.

F. BUSSIERE, '17.

Bidding farewell to my Alma Mater, I close a very happy chapter of my life. The eight years that I have spent at Loyola College have been marked by the warmest relations not only with my companions but also with my teachers, who have spared no effort to smooth my path. I sincerely regret that my course is at an end, and I wish every success and happiness to those friends whom I leave behind, and to Loyola, where I have spent so many happy days.

ROBERT P. COUGHLIN, '16.

JOHN D. KEARNEY

During the years John Kearney has been at Loyola his popularity has steadily increased with all. He is a cheerful and faithful comrade, with a refreshing sense of humour. His quiet, imperturbable manner only emphasizes the forcefulness of his personality. Perhaps no characteristic of his is more marked than a dogged persistency in inquiry and in the assimilation of knowledge, making him a sound and thorough, rather than a brilliant student. He is one of the principal supporters of College activity in all its branches, being a splendid representative of the spirit which we admire in this year's graduating class—a spirit of enthusiasm, energy and versatility.

As an officer of the Sodality, as President of the Literary and Debating,

and of the Scientific Societies, he fulfils his functions in a manner which shows the force of his character, his powers of discrimination, and his ability as a speaker. Moreover, he is an excellent musician and our best actor. In every single branch of athletics he is a prominent figure, being playing-manager of the championship Hockey Team, and captain of football, besides being an exceptionally good tennis player.

Having enjoyed his companionship, it is with regret that we see him leave us, but we are confident that he will be a credit to Loyola, and I do not think that we can do better than wish him a continuation of the success which in our miniature world he has attained in so many forms.

J. M. CUDDY, '17.

There is the satisfaction of something accomplished in having obtained a classical degree, but it is barely commensurate with the loss sustained; for in leaving Loyola I pass out from the care of those who have laboured generously and untiringly on my behalf, and am forced to part from many a close friend, and a host of good fellows. But in parting, I bear away the memories of seven short and truly happy years, and leave with my beloved Alma Mater my sincerest thanks and heartfelt good wishes.

JOHN D. KEARNEY, '16.

JOHN D. KING

Ever since he came to Loyola, in 1909, John King has always been on the best terms of friendship with the Faculty and his fellow-students. His fidelity to duty and devotedness to us all have won for him the reputation of a model student. Though modest and careless of notice, he is known as a man upon whom we can always rely, as a strong and able supporter of every worthy cause.

Mr. King is a vigorous speaker, a clear and resourceful debater. In athletics he has a high reputation as a long-distance runner, which is not confined to the College or even to Montreal.

We bid him God-speed as he leaves us, and regret his departure as that of a tried and trusty friend of all.

E. AUDET, '17.

It is only now, when the hour of departure is at hand, that we fully realize how much we owe our Alma Mater. It is now that a feeling of sadness comes upon us, for we must bid farewell to those whom we have learned to love and to reverence. The Class of '16 has every good reason to look up to its masters and to its College home. So it is with true regret that I say good-bye to Loyola, at the same time wishing it that full measure of success and prosperity which it so well deserves.

JOHN D. KING, '16,

SOMERLED McDONALD

As a tiny tot, "Bill" McDonald graduated from Miss Bartley's junior school and began in Preparatory his long connection with Loyola. During the nine years he has been with us, he has shown considerable talent, and has met with success in his studies.

He has always taken an active part in everything that would further the interests of the College. As captain of the hockey team, he not only earned the distinction of leading his men to the championship, but also was chiefly instrumental, by his untiring energy, in making an unprecedented success in every respect of the hockey season of 1916. He was also manager of the football team, and in this capacity proved both active and competent.

His cheerful disposition and his willingness to co-operate with and please all have made him universally popular. He has the honour of being an Assistant of the Sodality, President of the L.C.A.A.A., President of the Junior Hockey Association of Canada and an Executive member of the Literary and Debating Society,

Next year he enters the Science course at McGill, with a view to the practice of Civil Engineering. When he leaves us, we, the older boys, shall lose a good sportsman and a jovial companion, while the younger set will miss the unselfish services of one who has always taken a personal interest in their welfare, and who has proved himself a true friend of our College small boy.

J. GALLERY, '17.

As the last day of my College course draws near, joy and sorrow are intermingled. For the many favours received from those who have worked so earnestly in my behalf, for the friendship and kindness of those who have been my companions, there is no return in my power to render but the sincere acknowledgment of a grateful heart.

S. McDONALD, '16.

CHARLES E. POIRIER

Although he is comparatively a newcomer in our midst, neither time nor distance will obliterate from our memories the sterling qualities of "Jerry." Always an interested and particularly bright student, he has never failed to be amongst the leaders of his class. His activities are not confined to the sphere of learning. An eloquent and sound debater, his appearance on the rostrum has always caused universal attention and interest. On the gridiron he is second to none, in basketball we have yet to see his equal, as a baseball player, suffice it to say that he is our heavy hitter and general "Old Reliable." He is our best billiard player, and last but not least we must mention his exceptional musical abilities.

That he is high in the estimation both of the Faculty and of the students is manifested by the universal sorrow felt at his loss. For in losing him, we

lose one who has helped to show us what is best and most pleasant in College life—friendship and comradeship.

It is our only wish that "Jerry's" career may equal in its success his record amongst us.

H. DOYLE, '17.

When all the sweet remembrances of his fleeting, care-free college years threaten to vanish in the turmoil of worldly responsibility and hardship, what graduate is there whose deepest emotions are not called forth by the thought of saying farewell. Those who have preceded him have made an enviable mark in their respective careers; those who are to follow him will look to him for their ideal. And so he faces the riddle of the Sphinx, a trifle nervous, perhaps, but firmly resolved to enshrine the memories of his Alma Mater within the glories and successes of a true, noble, Christian life.

C. E. POIRIER, '16.



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POSSIBILIA

As I dreamt yesternight,
'Neath the moon's waning light,
Through my fancy there flitted
Strange sights still to come.
And now of my vision,
With fitting concision,
My brows duly knitted,
I'll give you the sum.

Long years glided by,
Like clouds in the sky,
And I saw in my gazing
The world upside down.
For the Class of Sixteen,
As its friends had foreseen,
Had been quietly blazing
A path to renown.

John Kearney, whose mien
Had been always serene,
As a lawyer, now gravely
Upheld law and right.
And Jerry the giant,
A medical scientist, slaughtered men bravely,
And left their purse light.

The Coughlins pooled brains
And heaped up great gains
By marvels the latest
Of Bob's sleight-of-hand,
For John told the people
And swore by the steeple
These tricks were the greatest
E'er seen in the land.

And King? He's a chemist;
His talk is a gem. Hist!
I hear him say: "Lotions
To cure while you wait."
At McDonald I wondered;
As Prefect, he thundered
With raging emotion
At those who came late.

I next heard Chabot
Teaching horrible rot
On Bellum, Duellum,
And pure Ens ut Sic.
The which realising,
I found it surprising
That in 'Gene's cerebellum
Such nonsense should stick.

Advancing to meet him,
I'd started to greet him,
When lo! without warning,
He faded away.
I awoke from the trance
And I saw at a glance
'Twas an ordinary morning,
And really to-day.

These future hints teeming
Were nothing but dreaming;
Still I felt like regretting
That some parts weren't true.
For how nice it would be
If in dreams we could see
What the future's begetting
For me and for you.

And now it doth grieve us
To see you all leave us,
May blessings attend you,
"Sixteen," evermore.
Good luck and sound health,
Happy years, heaps of wealth;
To a man, we extend you
Good wishes galore.

H. McLAUGHLIN, '17.

THE JUNIORS Seen by Seniors

EUGENE AUDET.—A short, plump, optimist; neither gives nor borrows trouble. Hobbies: Farming, Philosophy, "Shag" and Science. In a desperate crisis can turn his hand to carpentering.

THOMAS BRACKEN.—Rather louder than long. His ideals of industry perhaps lower than his record for the pole-vault. Has a reputation in the great outside world as an amateur actor of some note.

FRANCIS BUSSIERE.—An agreeable youth with an original sense of humour. Loves an argument for its own sake, and has the gift of crushing sarcasm. Everybody worries him because everybody likes him. Inspires hope for the welfare of the future "four hundred."

GORDON M. CARLIN.—A very earnest and persistent student, noted for his hair, his smile and his popularity with the ladies. After a spell in the freer atmosphere of a University, returned to us this year and created a good impression.

JOHN M. CUDDY.—A mathematical entity with a laudable thirst for the "ultimate reasons of things." Self-possessed and unruffled even in the face of the enemy, work. A whole-hearted and faithful supporter of athletics, though not an active participant. Also a daredevil motorist and lecturer.

RICHARD J. DOONER.—"Pa," our man of muscle. He is deliberate, tenacious, cool, hence his great prowess as hockey goaler. Persevering in studies, argument, stage-carpentry and canvassing for worthy causes.

HAROLD M. DOYLE.—An easy-going hopeful. His study seems more intensive and fitful than extensive and constant. Popular at home and abroad. Hearty and fiery, with short-lived bursts of irritation.

EDWARD DUCKETT.—The class-orator, earnest and systematic in his work. Broad-minded, serious and shrewd in his views. Of uneven moods, perhaps, but always keen and generous.

JOHN O'NEILL GALLERY.—An enthusiastic all-round athlete, with many
College records to his credit. John enjoys
great popularity throughout the School. His resourcefulness in repartee and

excuses, his immunity from care and worry, his cheerful unpunctuality reveal what some call the Celtic temperament. Fonder of his friends than of his books.

HECTOR LAVALLEE.—A transient in our midst. Robust, good-natured and imperturbable. Maintains a discreet silence, except when there is question of an injustice done or of some wrong to be righted.

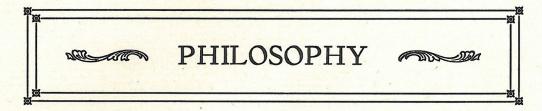
ADRIAN MASSON.—Unfortunately was not long enough with us to create a lasting impression. A good fellow and a hockey player "de luxe." Faded gently away to Laval, where he is being metamorphosed into a fiery lawyer.

FRANK McGILLIS.—A pleasant and sprightly young man is "Giggy," with a well-known startling cough. Intermittent in work, trusting to strong finishes. A coming athlete—in some branches already arrived. Said to be an expert bridge player. Was frequently present on time during the year.

HENRY McLAUGHLIN.—Renowned for initiative and stimulating progressiveness. A clever parodist and excellent hockey player. Gave up his studies to join the Artillery. We all miss "Happy."

MAURICE VERSAILLES.—The "Count" is an earnest student, whose oratorical abilities and operatic accomplishments are only excelled by his skill at tennis. Slightly aloof from Class life. Noted for incredible industry, method and polish of manner. The tailor's dream.





These notes are more than a class-chronicle. They are the first annals of an Institution. For a year we, in our lonesomeness, have been sole occupants of the New College in Notre-Dame de Grâce.

Congestion in the old Drummond Street nest made a partial exodus necessary early last autumn. Presumably because they could be spared with least heart-rending, the Philosophers were banished with Horace Greely's injunction ringing in their ears: "Go West, young man, go West!" So westward we wended on October 1st, after several false starts, and began (to quote a learned friend) "a period of peripatetic pioneering."

The Field-Day came opportunely to glorify our last days in the old home. "We grabbed the bunting, with no rival in sight," as a slangy friend remarked, and saw once more metaphorically resplendent with glorious laurels the golden locks of our "star performer," Mr. Gallery, who easily scored the highest individual points. The records of the Field-Day tell the tale of our triumphs. Apart from the individual trophy, as aforesaid, and the Relay prize, the Class-aggregate Cup transferred its abode from the illogical and unsophisticated lower classes to the dignified, logical and sedate denizens of the New Loyola, Montreal West.

The Philosophers, like all pioneers, found some little discomforts to put up with, but they had a keen eye for the silver lining to their clouds, and went merrily on, undismayed even by the advent of the glacial period, when the new heating apparatus became recalcitrant for a spell, and left us shivering in our lecture-rooms, with nothing to warm us but the inward fire of enthusiasm for the subtler theories regarding the origin of ideas.

The event of the year was the entirely unassisted production of two plays and various concert items for the feast of St. Catherine. An account of the entertainment appears elsewhere. We ourselves admit that this performance by the "All-star Castoffs" was superb. But, alike as an experience and as a spectacle, it was thrown far into the shade by the labours and humours of preparation and subsequent dismantling. For three weeks, through the echoing halls of the empty buildings, nought could be heard but the muttered threats of deep-dyed villains, the foolish giggle of the wit, the groans of the plank-carriers,—all amidst a sizzling heat due to some of the unsaid things of our class-carpenters.

The informal class-banquet which followed the play was a unique function, but too intimate and personal to call for description here. A gigantic impromptu bonfire on the morrow ended the play episode of the year, destroying the last vestiges of our novel undertaking, and leaving a flaming memory of an enthusiastic and satisfying experience.

From this till the middle of December, little of note occurred. Then the new Philosophers' Orchestra was invited to take part in a Christmas Concert



PHILOSOPHY LECTURE ROOM



CHEMICAL LABORATORY

at the Old College. Messrs. Kearney (heroically), McLaughlin (hoarsely), Poirier (incessantly) and Versailles (nobly) contributed to the programme, the chief item of which was a Lecture by Capt. (now Lt.-Col.) Leprohon on his adventures at the front.

Holidays over, the sobering days of Exams. were upon us. The Class acquitted itself creditably, one-third of its members taking honours, and the average being higher than usual.

With that off our minds, we turned to hockey. Here we venture to express pride in our record, which could hardly be equalled, the Class furnishing no less than five regulars and one spare to a championship team. And in addition to contributing so largely to the success of the Senior Team, we found time to play a series of three games with the combined representatives of the Old College, winning twice. (In the first game, "Pa" Dooner, our invincible goal-keeper, was absent.)

During the month of March the "Philosophy Daily," an unpretentious but highly-interesting publication, began its vigorous existence as a product of Mr. Kearney's fertile brain.

Meanwhile, in addition to numberless lively incidents of no interest to the general public—such as a thrilling and sensational Checkers Tournament (!)—there occurred the attempt of Mr. Bracken to blow up the Fume Chamber by judicious use of carbon bisulphide. Upon his failure, Mr. Carlin, more thorough and ambitious, essayed the destruction of the whole laboratory by exploding hydrogen gas,—but still no results. Nature was more successful in her designs on the new buildings when she melted our circumambient snow-drifts at a pace that overtaxed the drains and deluged a few of the rooms.

Throughout the year there took place many delightful social functions, such as the following, which Mr. McDonald thus delicately describes: "Mr. Gallery entertained at the usual party from two to four in Rhetoric Classroom at the 'Old Varsity' yesterday afternoon. The party, though not attended in great numbers, was very enjoyable to those present. Things were enlivened and the guests rendered attentive by several visits of Father Prefect in search of the host. Among the nobility who called in for a moment or two was His Highness Roberte de Porteur. Of the habitués, were present Messrs. Kearney and McDonald, while Messrs. Bracken and McGillis could not be discovered in the reception-room. As Mr. Kearney thought that things were far too slow, he left at two-thirty. About 3.15, Mr. McDonald received several imaginary notes from the Provincial and the Rector, stating that they did not approve of the party. Desiring to comply with the wishes of these venerable Fathers, Mr. McDonald immediately closed a most interesting book and rendering thanks to the host, made his get-away. The party broke up at 4.10 P.M."

Among more sensational incidents, replete with meaning for the initiate, we may mention the event chronicled by the Coughlin Bros., in their "Sporting Extra," of March 23rd.

"As you all remember, yesterday was a fast day, and through the kindness of a friend from Massachusetts, we had lobster for supper. The result was that in the dark recesses of my imagination during the wee hours of the morning, a slam-bang fistic encounter was staged. The principals in this fistic slaughter

were 'Kid' Nicomedes, seconded by 'Lefty' Jouin, and 'Battling' Bernoulli, who was seconded by 'One-Round' Remsen. The third man in the ring was K. O. Kant. The fight by rounds. Round One.—Time 2.30 a.m. Sun overhead. Moon invisible. They meet in the centre of the ring and grasp lunch-hooks. The Kid leads with his left and misses a wild swing to the Battler's poll. Bernoulli counters with a right upper-cut to the Kid's transverse axis, and follows up advantage with staggering blow to Nick's latus rectum. They clinch. The bell rings. The Battler's round. Round Two .-Lefty Jouin, the Kid's second, has 'Newsy' Newman ejected for attempting to dope his charge's 'aqua regia.' Men are again brought to centre of the ring. They swap loci and the equations are equal. They break. The Kid bisects Bernoulli's conjugate axis with a hard blow to the hyperbola. Battler retaliates with a thundering smash to the Kid's rectilinear system. Honours even. Both men breathing hard. During the intermission, 'Daredevil' Devas offers odds of a million antinomies to five thousand supplementary theses that the Kid will win the fight by landing a sub-normal on the Battler's tangent. No takers.

"Frame Three.—Kid side-steps wild lead to his minor auxiliary. Battler responds with a short jab to the Kid's asymptote. Nick showers a series of lefts and rights which rock Bernoulli's vertex, drawing hydrogen sulphide from his opponent's optics. Kid blocks feeble attempt to reach his facial radius. Kid wades in, scoring with a fusilade of tangents and normals. Kid shifts and ends fight with a terrific symmetrical equation to Bernoulli's conchoid. Battler describes a perfect parabola to the mat, and is counted out by K. O. Kant. Q.E.D.

"Later.—Battling Bernoulli is almost fully recovered from his recent defeat at the hands of Kid Nicomedes, and is now out of the hospital. When carried unconscious from the ring, the Battler was in a very serious condition and was rushed to the Geometrical Hospital, where Dr. Wentworth at once operated. The operation was one of the most recently discovered. The surgeon removed a meridian section from Bernoulli's paraboloid of revolution, and stitched the wound with the traces of a surface, using an axis of revolution for a needle. This was absolutely necessary in order to prevent a fatal attack of acute angles, since all the Battler's co-ordinate planes were pressed together. However, the operation was highly successful, and all danger was eliminated by stretching the radius vector of every point, and placing the planes in a position normal to the co-ordinate axes. This straightened out the patient's octants, and he breathed easier. It is doubtful if Bernoulli will ever again enter the ring. Owing to the rough treatment he received, his lemniscote is no longer the locus of the intersection of a tangent to a rectangular hyperbola. The operation proved beyond the shadow of a doubt that Nicomedes fouled Bernoulli. Never a popular favorite, Nicomedes is now in a very bad way and the public in general hope that he will hereafter be totally barred. This is not owing to any particular sympathy for Bernoulli, but because Nic has been found to be a general bad actor. If Nicomedes is barred and Bernoulli can no longer participate, why not have a general clean-up and eliminate all the unpopular 'Hard guys' from the ring?"

All the constituent members of the Class come under the lime-light in

separate appreciations, and their doughty deeds are chronicled under many other heads, hence the real meagreness of our history. As Philosophy permeates all branches of knowledge as their foundation and true raison d'être, so the Philosophers of 1915–16 are found in strength in all the College societies, serious and otherwise, in all sports and other school activities, and that to a degree which any other class will find hard to equal. One of our members fills the Presidential chair of the Junior Hockey Association of Canada, the oldest amateur aggregation in the country.

A characteristic of the year has been the close union and good-fellowship between Seniors and Juniors. This is particularly indicated by the adoption of a common class-pin, and by the organization of a class-reunion together some years hence. If a keen desire and practical projects are fruitful, the Pioneers will be close and faithful friends of their new Alma Mater.

E. CHABOT, et al., '16.

A BALLAD OF DESPAIR

The boy sat in the "Jug-Room" cold, Whence all but he had fled; The wan light from a gas-jet old Shone round him as he read.

The minutes sped; he could not go Without his master's word. The master deep in book below His voice no longer heard.

He cried aloud: "Say, Father, say
If yet my task be done."
The tell-tale clock still ticked away;
The master still read on.

The hours sped on, the master rose
And climbed the winding stair.
Then all at once remorse he knows,
He thinks of the boy in there.

He turned the knob and stepped inside,
He oped his mouth to say:"....
But the empty room yawned bleak and wide,
For the boy was far away.

THE MERRY KNAVES OF LOYOLA

(In Two Scenes)

(Being a Shakespearian Burlesque concerning the Pioneer Philosophers of Montreal West, and presented with apologies to "Bill.")

CAST

HAM(LET): calm and pensive studentJ. D. KEARNEY
ROMEO: ardent and pompous youthS. McDONALD
LEAR: endowed with great imaginative powersH. M. DOYLE
RUFUS: thus surnamed for an obvious reasonJ. O'N. GALLERY
OPHELIA: last seen as "Little Eva" in "Uncle Tom's
Cabin"G. M. CARLIN
PROFESSOR ANACYCLOID: one of the mystic higher
geometrical curves
STUDENTS, IDLERS, JOHN COUGHLIN, ATTENDANTS.

SCENE I.

(Scene: The Torture-room. Students, their knees a-quaking, await the ordeal of a Mathematic's lecture.)

Ophelia (ringing bell)—Ga-ding! Ga-dong! I toll the bell. Oh well!

The hour is nigh of Graduates' farewell.

Hamlet—But, hark! I hear the silent footsteps come!

(Enter Professor)

Prof. Ana.—Good morn, me lads, you know the end is near.

To horse, to horse!—And now who'll volunteer?

Rufus—O, learned Sir, I dodged on Wednesday last, But, by my ruby top, I'll mend my past.

Prof. Ana.—'Tis well, me cheild, and bravely worded, too.

Could'st thou now tell me what part thou hast read?

Rufus—My liege, I have red hair upon my head.

Prof. Ana.—Answer not so! Hast done thy daily task?

Rufus—My way, in sooth, I could not see.

Prof. Ana.— And wherefore not?

Rufus—'Twas nought but curves in this vile Wentworth's screed.

Mob-Fie, fie! for shame, for shame!

Hamlet—To plot, or not to plot, that is the "point;"
Whether....

Mob— Avast, thou landlubber, avast!

First Student (demurely)—Methinks this question's open for debate.

Romeo—Kind Sir, last eve I burned the midnight oil, And long did dwell upon the higher forms Of spirals, cones, and like exalted things;

But all in vain: such rubbish can't be learnt.

Ophelia—Mend me, thou saucy fellow, thou'lt rue this speech.

Lear—This night I slept beneath the starry dome,
And saw the ghost of Jiggs upon the heath.

Prof. Ana.—'Tis well, me lads, I marvel at your wit.

For next day's task....

Hamlet-

My lord, let's to the Lab.

Mob-To Lab, to Lab!

(Exeunt omnes. Blare of blow-pipes, bellows, etc.)

SCENE II.

(Scene:—Biological Bower.)

Romeo (Soliloquises at the bier of a dissected Batrachian)— Students, idlers and Coughlin, lend me your ears. We meet to carve the Batrachian, not to eat him. You all did hear how 'twas on Wednesday last That for a paltry fifty ducats paid, A trusty, tried and high-reputed man Did feast upon a nameless animile. But bear with me, my thoughts are in the pan, And I must pause (until I think some new ones). First Student-Methinks there is much truth in this last part. Second Student-But, hark! the ever-flowing source begins. Romeo-Now mark the cruel wound of Bracken's knife Which pierced the harmless frog's olfactory nerve. And note the ghastly gash of King's long spikes. Which forced our noble friend upon his back. O Justice, thou art fled! And men have lost Their reason all,—and Doyle has lost his knife. You all did see how on the waxen plate I thrice presented him with chloroform, Which thrice he did decline with frog-like pout. And now farewell, Batrachian, thou art sped! Behold he'll croak no more, for now he "croaks."

C. E. POIRIER, '16.

A BIT OF BITTING

"Crusader is worth five hundred dollars on his breeding alone. He is sired by Adonite, who was sold for seven thousand dollars by James Freeland, Jr., in 1911." Dan McCready, a livery-stable owner was speaking.

"He's not worth five cents to me if he can't win the blue next Saturday in the pace and action class," answered Mulholland vehemently. "You understand," said the same gentleman, "I want to beat Howard Gillespie's entry in the Horse Show for more reasons than one. He's my big rival in the oil business. Good advertisement, you see, and all that!"

McCready nodded and the oil magnate continued: "I admit that your horse is a good one, McCready, but, like Adonite, his sire, he is a rank puller. So...."

"That may be, Mr. Mulholland," broke in the horseman, "but James Freeland, Jr., cured Adonite of pulling. Why couldn't you do the same thing with Crusader?"

"The answer is easy, McCready. Freeland, Jr., in spite of being a millionaire's son, was a wizard at handling show horses. I'm not. By the way, wasn't it strange how that young Freeland disappeared about five years ago?"

Dan did not reply and Mulholland went on: "I honestly think, McCready, that your colt could beat Gillespie's mare, provided he did not pull. So if between now and Saturday you can break him off it, come to me and name your own price."

As his prospective buyer turned away, Dan McCready looked wistfully after him, disappointed and dejected.

"Faith! if you would take the pledge, or offer up some such sacrifice, Dan, you might deserve to find some way of making our Crusader as docile as a lamb." This advice came across the supper-table from McCready's better half.

"I have my doubts, Mary," answered her husband. "But there's sense in what you're saying. The stakes are high.... Sure, I'll go up to the mission this very night."

The priest was evidently speaking on intemperance, for he said in part:...
"The passion of drink is like a hard-mouthed horse, likely to run away with you and bring you to an untimely death; but just as a part-bit will chasten a headstrong steed, so too will prayer and the sacraments...."

McCready heard no more. "A part-bit," he repeated to himself, "now that's an idea. Mayhap he's a knowing horseman, this young priest."

Needless to say, Dan lost no time in explaining his plight to the mis-

sionary.

"Your wife tells me that you are a hard drinker, Mr. McCready," said the Father, "but that you are a man of your word. So here is a proposition. If you promise to keep the pledge faithfully, I can help you to sell your horse."

"Tighten nose-band.... Drop part-bit low in bridle.... Ruffle the curb-

chain.... Have I taken it down right, Father?"

" Perfectly," answered the priest."

"And you think that will cure him, Father?"

Dan was reassured and hurried home.

It is now Saturday night, and the Horse Show is over. "Sporting Extra!" cry the newsboys, and the reader may see printed in large type across the front page "BATTLE ROYAL BETWEEN OIL KINGS."—"Mulholland's Crusader wins from Howard Gillespie's Amoeba in spectacular exhibition."

While the newsboys are proclaiming Crusader's triumph, a second inter-

view is taking place at the priest's house.

...." But, Father, where did you get so much inside knowledge?"

queried Dan. "Do they train show horses at the Seminary now?"

"Not quite," laughed Father Jim Freeland. "But in your excitement you have forgotten to ask me my name. Otherwise you might be able to answer your own question."

JOHN D. KEARNEY, '16.

LOCUS STANDI

If you're late for morning class,
Don't you worry, let it pass;
There is some excuse that's bound to pull you through.
Try a funeral, blame the clock;
Say your milk was doped with chalk,
Or anything that sounds a little new.

Now, perhaps you think I'm joking,
Or that fun at you I'm poking,
But, believe me, you will counter their attack,
If you answer to their query,
In a voice that's weak and weary
"Yes, sir, sorry! but the car went off the track!"

JOHN D. KEARNEY, '16.

THE PHILOSOPHERS' PLAY

Isolated in the wilds of Montreal West, the Philosophers determined this year to celebrate St. Catherine's day with more than ordinary pomp and circumstance. The proposal to give an entertainment in the New College found favour with all, both for its own sake, and for the promise of interest and amusement it held out for the period of preparation. Here was a welcome prospect of enlivening much spare time, and banishing temporarily the harassing truths of the lecture-room.

A store of unsuspected and deeply-buried talent was soon unearthed. As if by magic, dust-covered instruments and half-forgotten musical abilities were coaxed out together from oblivion. In a very short time no mean orchestra was organized, with a piano, four mandolins, a violin, a flute and a side-drum. The last two were not actually used, but the stringed instruments proved entirely satisfactory.

The problem of selecting a play was partially solved by Mr. J. M. Coughlin, who wrote a very laughable farce for the occasion. With this, "Gruesome Grange," a clever burlesque of conventional melodramas of the mysterious and sanguinary type, was selected—after some hesitation, as it appeared to demand considerable ability. The remainder of the programme was made up of minor items, crisp and short, with a strong topical flavour for the most part. "The Burning Love" was a passionate protest of affection for Philosophy and its sublimest aridities, set to a lilting popular air. In a pathetic "encore," Mr. McLaughlin paid his trembling respects to the long arm of "Jug" which claimeth its victims from afar, yea, even from the remote wastes of Notre Dame de Grâce.

"Creation" is the only term which fitly describes the more material side of the preparations. Housed in a new, unfurnished building, far from the supplies and assistance of the Old College, the Philosophers were compelled to build, furnish, arrange and organize everything by themselves. More important still, all expenses were met by the Class. It may be noted here that entire independence and self-reliance was insisted on from the beginning. Responsibility for success or failure rested with the Class alone.

A substantial and convenient stage was erected in the new Recreation Hall, scenery was manufactured by processes which no Philosopher will ever forget, elaborate decorations were planned, lighting contrivances were installed and even seats were laboriously constructed for an audience of two hundred and fifty. For all this the material was scanty, the tools crude, the time limited. When all devoted themselves with tireless energy to strenuous and unfamiliar tasks, one hesitates to mention individual workers, but by general consent Messrs. Dooner and Audet deserve special praise for their heroic industry and marvellous ingenuity.

The Entertainment was given on Nov. 23rd. The Faculty and boys of

the Old College were present, together with a few special friends of the Philosophers. Among these was Mr. H. L. Cormier, S.J., whose invaluable assistance in "making up" the members of the cast calls for grateful acknowledgment.

Despite the fact that several of the actors were engaged in practically every item, there were no delays. The audience seemed enthusiastic in its appreciation of the performance and the competent critics appeared to be unanimous in their favourable verdict.

As the entire Class was represented on the programme, exhaustive criticism of the actors and musicians is out of the question.

The omnipresent Mr. Poirier, accompanist, soloist, and realistic actor in the title-rôle of the "Impatient Patient," cannot be too warmly congratulated.

In "Gruesome Grange" the very difficult part of old Sir Jacob was filled surprisingly well by Mr. J. M. Coughlin. Handicapped in many ways, he managed to present a life-like and convincing characterisation of the part; slight defects of voice and enunciation were all that weakened his acting.

Warrant, the absurd detective, was cleverly interpreted by Mr. Kearney. He gave proof of experience in his restraint, ease and distinctness, and deftly saved the situation when a premature "cue" threatened to cause an embarrassing entanglement. A carping critic might complain mildly of a few scarcely pleasing gestures.

Mr. McDonald, though occasionally indistinct, was faithful and amusing as the pompous, ranting, super-dramatic actor.

The cast as a whole deserves praise for sprightly and natural acting; the "wooden" effects so hard to avoid in group scenes were barely noticeable.

The fine singing of Mr. Versailles was a revelation to many. With the aid of his "Chorus" of two he drew tremendous applause, more practically expressed later by the startling presentation of a flaming bouquet, which was accepted by the artist in the most approved prima-donna manner. The flowers were in the sequel usefully employed by the "charming children" in "Gruesome Grange," Messrs. Carlin and Bracken.

After the play came a supper which the Philosophers, with commendable foresight, had provided for themselves. There were toasts and speechlets in great profusion, ending with a strong appeal by the ever-energetic "Happy" for initiative and College spirit.

Thus concluded the first entertainment in the New College, arranged and given by the Philosophers in the face of great obstacles, with the hope that those who follow them will look upon it as a modest precedent, and see fit to do no less each year, and, when the opportunity offers, to do much more.

PROGRAMME

1.	. MarchFrantzer CLASS ORCHESTRA				
2.	Prologue E. DUCKETT				
3.	Song and Chorus"The Burning Love"Popular Air H. McLAUGHLIN AND MOB				
4.	Piano Solo				
5.	5. Comedy Sketch"The Impatient Patient"J. M. Coughlin, '16 THE DOCTORH. Doyle THE OTHERC. E. Poirier				
6.	6. Song				
7.	7. "GRUESOME GRANGE, or THE BANISHED EARL"				
	An utter absurdity in three Acts by Robert Marshall, Anthony Hope and Comyns Carr				
CHARACTERS:					
Sir JACOB BELLINGHAM (a retired millionaire). J. M. COUGHLIN Sir ANTHONY DIBBS (his cousin). J. M. CUDDY MAJOR BELLINGHAM (his nephew). J. O'NEILL GALLERY WILLIAM HAROLD (more nephews). F. McGILLIS ALGERNON PERCIVAL (his grandsons). G. M. CARLIN PERCIVAL WILLIAM WARRANT (a detective in disguise). J. D. KEARNEY BUTLER (a solicitor in disguise). H. McLAUGHLIN BANISHED EARL (an actor in disguise). S. McDONALD BROWNE (a valet). R. P. COUGHLIN CORPSE CARRIERS. (F. J. DOONER J. D. KING (E. AUDET MORE CORPSE CARRIERS.					
MORE CORPSE CARRIERS					

EFFICIENCY

I'm so very scientific, my efficiency's terrific; I know most every rule that can be known; Every knotty situation fills my soul with wild elation, None's the problem that I cannot make my own.

Now, I am never worried, in my speech I'm never hurried, And I never even have to stop and think. You may question, you may query, but my brain you'll never weary With a problem, be it "Women's Rights" or "Drink."

Some minds you may perplex, if you ask what equals "x,"
Others falter at the thought of "Theta's Sine";
To find "Alpha's Cosec," too, often makes the world seem blue,
Unless you've had a training such as mine.

Height? and Breadth? and Distance?—In no solitary instance Do I ever fail to find them, inch for inch. Every puzzling" why" and" wherefore" I reduce to "equals therefore," And to me all Trigonometry's a cinch.

For every situation I have rules of calculation; (There is one in every chamber of my brain); I know just what to do when a Zepp'lin comes in view, Or ghastly wash-outs wreck a flying train.

Should there ever 'rise the question of hypnotic self-suggestion,
Or a table dance a hornpipe in the air,
I know it's only tricks, and I look for strings and sticks,
(And nearly every time I find they're there).

An answer I can find to each question in your mind;
I know the "reason why" of everything;
I can give the "root of two" and the square of four times "u,"
And tell you why a gold-fish cannot sing.

Oh! propound me some objection that requires profound reflection, Or show me something that I cannot do; Here in my padded cell, I will know that all is well, And patiently I'll sit and wait for you.

JOHN M. COUGHLIN, '16.

LOYOLA SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY

This year the Loyola Scientific Society, again under the able and zealous guidance of Mr. J. A. Corcoran, S.J., enjoyed the best year of its existence. This success was due not only to the larger number of members, but also to the high standard maintained in the lectures throughout the entire year.

The first meeting of the year, for the election of officers, was called to order on October 4th by Mr. J. D. Kearney, acting as chairman. The first election to take place was that for President, and Mr. Kearney was chosen to fill this office. Mr. C. E. Poirier and Mr. R. P. Coughlin were then elected Vice-President and Secretary respectively. The two Councillors chosen were Mr. E. Chabot and Mr. S. McDonald. The next meeting, which took place on the 16th, was mainly for the reading of the minutes of the prorogued meeting of last year, and the reading of the Constitution and by-laws, for the benefit of the new members.

The first lecture of the year was given on November 6th by Mr. C. E. Poirier, on Gases. Mr. Poirier acquitted himself very ably and showed great familiarity with his difficult subject. He illustrated the main points of his lecture by many experiments of an interesting nature. At this meeting it was decided that the members of the Scientific Society who had been graduated last year should be made honorary members.

On the following Saturday, Mr. S. McDonald gave an interesting lecture on Radio-active Substances. After treating briefly of Uranium and Thorium and their three types of radiations, he gave a lengthy account of Radium, the most active of these radio-active substances, and concluded by showing the influence of Radium on plant-life and its usefulness for agriculture.

The third lecture was given on November 20th by Mr. J. D. Kearney, whose subject was R. W. von Bunsen and the Bunsen Burner. After a short biographical sketch of Bunsen, the lecturer described the Bunsen burner, explaining the different parts of the flame and their uses in the laboratory. Experiments were added, with great success.

At the next meeting, Mr. F. Bussière read a paper on the Life and Achievements of Louis Pasteur, and held the very close attention of his audience throughout the entire hour. He showed how Pasteur first began to be known as a great scientist by his experiments to disprove the theories of spontaneous generation; then told of his immense service to France by the discovery of a cure for the disease which had attacked the silk-worm, as well as of a cure for the plague which had infected the French cattle. Mr. Bussière concluded his enjoyable lecture by emphasizing the debt of the whole human race to Pasteur for his greatest discovery, a cure for the dreaded disease of hydrophobia.

The fifth lecture of the year, given on December 4th, was on Diamonds, by Mr. G. M. Carlin. The lecturer began by giving a short history of the

diamond, and after describing the different crystalline forms in which it is found, he gave a lengthy explanation of its constituent elements. Mr. Carlin then showed, by means of slides, which were used for the first time this year, and were exceedingly clear, how the diamond is mined. He concluded by describing a few of the largest diamonds in existence, giving a short history of each.

On the following Saturday, Mr. H. Doyle gave an interesting lecture on Asbestos. He dealt fully with its chemical composition and with the processes by which it is obtained. Samples were exhibited to show the different forms in which it is found.

The last lecture before the Christmas holidays was given by Mr. T. A. Bracken. His subject was Water. Considering it from a geological standpoint, the lecturer showed how springs were formed, and spoke of the destruction caused by the chemical and mechanical action of rain. He explained the velocity of rivers, the causes of their great carrying powers, and the destruction caused by them. Treating water from a chemical point of view, Mr. Bracken explained its constituent elements, its dissociation by heat and electricity; referred to its great dissolving power, and performed numerous experiments, which helped greatly to make his lecture a notable success.

Owing to the terminal examinations, the next meeting of the Scientific Society did not take place until February 26th. The lecture then given was on Bessemer Steel, by Mr. J. M. Coughlin, who gave a thorough explanation of the process used in making this kind of steel. Much interest was added to this lecture by the lecturer's own excellent drawings, employed by him to explain the different parts of the furnace, and its working.

The next lecture, given by Mr. R. P. Coughlin, dealt with the Manufacture of Carbonate of Soda from Salt. The lecturer chose the process of Leblanc, and gave an exhaustive explanation of its three operations. He first showed how the sulphate of soda is produced from the salt by the action of sulphuric acid on it, then how the sulphate is converted into the sulphide, and finally, how the carbonate of soda is produced from the sulphide by lixiviation and evaporation.

On March 25th, two lectures were given. Mr. Cuddy lectured in the morning on the Modern Gasoline Automobile. He gave a lucid description of the motor and explained the systems adopted in the various makes. He then showed the several members which transmit the power from the motor to the wheels, and the different gears with their workings. The subject was illustrated by numerous slides, which were very thoroughly explained. The second lecture, in the afternoon, was on Coal, by Mr. A. F. McGillis, who treated his subject from two points of view. Geologically, he gave an idea of the formation of coal and of the different species found. Chemically, he explained the composition of coal and the processes at work in the conversion of woody matter into carboniferous deposits. In conclusion, he dwelt upon some of the chief uses of coal.

One of the most interesting lectures of the year was that of April 1st, given by Mr. J. D. King, on Petroleum and Natural Gases. By means of elaborate drawings, he explained the sinking of oil-wells and the simultaneous drawing-off of oil and gases. The accompanying lantern-slides, especially

those which showed views of oil-wells in action, were very good. Mr. King gave evidence of remarkable aptitude for public lecturing.

Agriculture was the topic chosen by Mr. E. Audet for his lecture on April 8th. He dealt with tillage, times for seeding, and the various conditions of successful farming. In further remarks on fertilizers, he treated of inoculation with bacteria as a valuable means of increasing their effectiveness.

Mr. M. Versailles' paper on April 15th treated of the Fly. After describing a few species, he discussed the anatomy of the fly, illustrating it with excellent slides. Mr. Versailles, in the second part of his paper, laid great stress on the noxious influence of the ordinary house-fly as a germ-carrier.

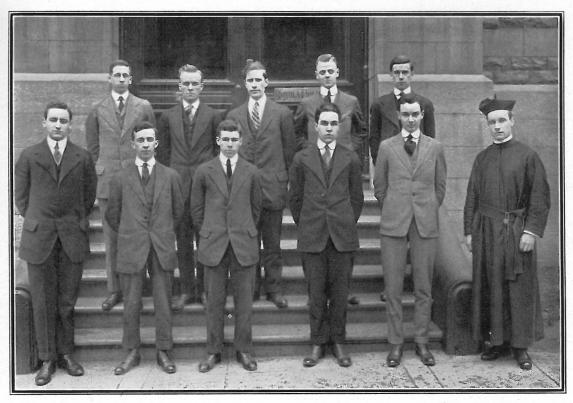
The next lecturer, Mr. R. J. Dooner, chose for his subject the Evolution of the Modern Military Rifle, and showed how it had been gradually developed from the old flint-lock, explaining thoroughly the different styles and their mechanism.

What was undoubtedly the most interesting lecture of the year was given by Mr. E. Chabot on May 6th. Mr. Chabot lectured on the Earthworm, and the manner in which he treated his subject gained for him the hearty applause of all the members. The lecturer described, with the help of slides, the internal and external anatomy of the worm, and its nervous and digestive systems. The lecture was a great success, and Mr. Chabot well deserved the congratulations showered upon him by all.

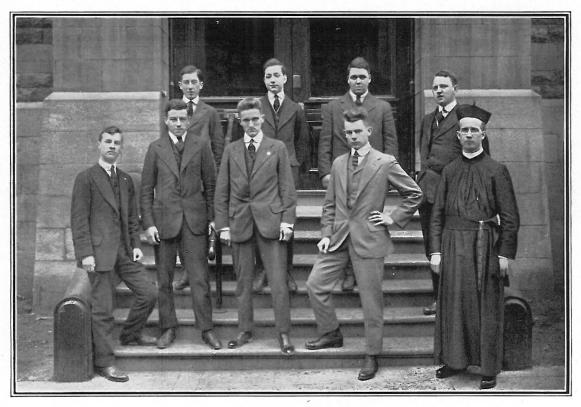
On May 19th, Mr. J. E. Duckett lectured with great learning, precision and verve on the Anatomy and Physiology of the Frog. The next day Mr. J. Gallery's interesting and amusing paper on Snow Crystals brought the year's proceedings to a close.

For the sake of reference, we subjoin a complete list of the lectures for 1915-1916:—

November	6th—"Gases"	C. F. Poirier '16
"	13th—"Radio-active Substances"	S. McDonald. '16
	30th-"Bunsen and the Bunsen Burner"	
"	27th—"Louis Pasteur"	
December		
"	11th—"Asbestos"	
"	18th—"Water"	
February	26th—"Bessemer Steel"	
March	11th—"Manufacture of Soda"	
	25th—"Modern Gasoline Automobile"	
* "	25th—"Coal"	
April	1st-"Petroleum and Natural Gas"	
••	8th—"Agriculture"	E. Audet, '17
	15th—"The Fly"	M. Versailles, '17
"	22nd—"Evolution of the Military Rifle".	R. J. Dooner, '17
May	6th—"The Earth-Worm"	
	19th—"The Frog"	
"	20th—"Snow Crystals"	



RHETORIC



HUMANITIES



If for a time you list to me, Acquainted with our class you'll be; No worthier class did ever sit Within these walls, you will admit.

Though Clément loves a peaceful life And wastes no strength in foolish strife, His wondrous skill we can't surpass; In dodging work he leads the class.

An orator of no mean skill, I'm sure you'll grant, is G. De Lisle. The way he argues clearly shows Some day he may be mayor. Who knows?

When Duncan home from College hies, With music shrill he rends the skies. The neighbours fail to solve the riddle: Why so much noise from one small fiddle?

From Ottawa Roy Dillon hails; He charms us with his childish tales. He often tries to start debates; We listen calmly while he prates.

Of Dixon's fame 'tis hard to sing, He is so good in everything. His mind no small distinctions sate— He seeks renown by coming late.

Fierce battles well can Fred proclaim. We asked him whence his knowledge came. "To learn how Greek and Roman fought," He said, "just get an ancient trot."

You've doubtless heard of Wilf. O'Kane. When young he never was profane, But now you'll find no sadder case—He utters nought that is not bass.

Next Sutcliffe comes who delves in Greek; Long buried roots he loves to seek. He spends his well-earned hours of ease In pounding on the ivory keys.

Ted Walsh with great Racine now vies, And from him seeks to wrest the prize. From early dawn till late at night. Walsh studies French, his sole delight.

JOSEPH RYAN, '18.

WHAT GREAT AUTHORS HAVE SAID ABOUT THE RHETORICIAN-

For Rhetoric, he could not ope His mouth.....

The Rhetorician can prove that he ought to have persuaded and carried all before him.

......hearings are quite ravished. So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

His speech was a fine sample on the whole Of Rhetoric, which the learn'd call rigmarole.

Words sweet as honey from his lips distilled.

His words..... like so many nimble and airy servitors, trip about him at command.

OUR FAVOURITE QUOTATIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE—

Clément:-

I am sure care's an enemy to life— Brevity is the soul of wit.

De Lisle:-

I am the very pink of courtesy. We know what we are, but know not what we may be.

Desbarats:-

If I chance to talk a little wild forgive me. What do you read, my lord? Words, words, words.

Dillon:-

So wise so young they say do ne'er live long. Striving to better oft we mar what's well.

Dixon:

Small have continual plodders ever won, Save base authority from others' books.

..... If we should fail,—

We fail.

Hudon:-

Methought I heard a voice cry: "Sleep no more.."
They say best men are moulded out of faults.

O'Kane:-

For my voice, I have lost it with Holloing and singing of anthems. Deeper than did ever plummet sound, I'll drown my book.

Ryan:-

Truly I would the gods had made thee poetical.

O this learning what a thing it is!

Walsh:-

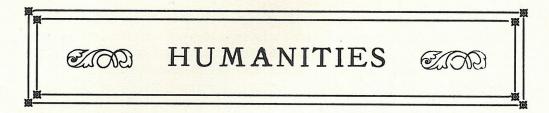
Was ever book containing such vile matter? What is the end of study? Let me know.

STANLEY SUTCLIFFE, '18,

Jean LaFontaine left us at the beginning of February to join the 163rd Battalion as a lieutenant. He had come to the College in 1911 and had been with us year after year from that time. We are sure that in his new sphere he will bring credit to his class and to Loyola. He was the first of our present students to offer himself for active service. He left Montreal on May 22nd for Bermuda. Our thoughts follow him with admiration and pride, and we hope to be able to welcome him home in the near future.

THE CLASS.





The summer vacation had drawn to a close, and once more our renowned halls of learning were thronged with illustrious scholars. We, the Humanitarians of 1915–1916, were on the spot and ready for action. There were but ten in our little eager band, but quality easily compensated for numbers. We soon settled down to work and smoothly did the weeks glide by till the Annual Field-Day coaxed us to raise our eyes from our books. Our relay team, under the skilful coaching of Israel Clément, was in the best of condition, though we felt the loss of our famous sprinter, Noonan, who had sprained his foot. We finished second and considered that a good place for so small a class.

About the end of November we were deserted by our long-remembered classmate, Francis Anglin, who deemed his presence advisable elsewhere. Little daunted by this mishap we kept steadily to our course, but were destined to suffer another casualty in the person of Tony Duckett. This enterprising youth had, presumably, worked so relentlessly at his books in preparation for the first term examinations, that his frail physique could no longer stand the strain and he bade us a tearful farewell. The year is now coming to an end, and Humanities has eight members.

A stranger entering our classroom would find his attention claimed by Edward Amos. Eddie hails from a place famous for a canal that bears its name. He has a great capacity for work, is a recognised authority on mythology, but his health is very uncertain. This accounts for his frequent absence. Though delicate of frame and retiring of disposition, he is, nevertheless, a great athlete. He is a formidable line-plunger, a Speed King, and at present holds the feather-weight championship in the class.

Herbert Blanchard is proud to claim Peterboro, Ont., as his native town. Having a powerful voice and a distinguished appearance, he is a great orator. His locks are of an auburn shade and far surpass the Golden Fleece in splendour. He is Eddie's most dangerous rival for the feather-weight title.

Israel Clément is a prominent citizen of a certain hamlet on the outskirts of Lachine called Lasalle. Like Amos, he is very delicate and generally harmless. Occasionally he loses his habitual reserve and carries on heated discussions with Eddie concerning the merits of their respective municipalities. He is greatly in favour of prohibition, has never been beaten at driving a car, and enjoys his spare moments in the pursuit of mathematical knowledge.

From Ottawa we have Marcus Doherty, a promising youth, a much-gifted Latin scholar and an intimate friend of the Muses. Inclined to talk too much in class, he will sometimes get really rough and rebel against lawfully constituted authority. He is tenderly solicitous for Herbie's welfare, is supremely contemptuous of Orpheus's powers as a musician, and aspires to become a great violinist.

Wilfrid Noonan, a modern oracle, comes from Montreal West. He

resigned a lucrative position with the Grand Trunk and rejoined our ranks after an absence of two years. He is a hard worker and takes great pleasure in reading Boileau. He can discuss all topics, is invincible at bowling, and takes first place as a connoisseur of the different brands of tobacco.

Philippe Pacaud, from Beauce, Que., is our foremost Latin and Greek scholar. He knows the parsing of every word in the Iliad and is equally well-versed in other authors. An expert military critic and always ready to discuss the war, he takes a great interest in the politics and the history of nations, and reads the life of Napoleon whenever he gets a chance.

From the rural districts comes another bright youth, Charles Phelan, who praises the quiet and green fields of his native town and enjoys life on his miniature farm in Westmount. He is a devoted friend of Horace, takes keen delight in the exploits of the god-like Achilles, has a profound respect for Virgil and unlimited admiration for Blanchard's oratory.

As a fitting close to our list we mention the "sweet glory" of the Eastern Townships, John Wolfe, from Sherbrooke. At rare intervals John is quite studious, but he always enjoys a little nap during Greek. His strong point is politics, in the discussion of which he often attains a remarkable degree of eloquence. This is the fruit of the private lessons in oratory he is taking from Herbie. John became famous some time ago by being the leading figure in "The Mystery of the Lennoxville Road."

If any should feel inclined to follow our efforts during the past year, they will undoubtedly be edified by perusing

OUR TRAVELS

The autumnal sun was rising on a clear September day, When the students of Loyola realized to their dismay That the time was fast approaching when together they must meet At a well-known seat of learning that is found on Drummond Street. They come from town and city, and from mountain, stream and shore, And from little country hamlets with a single general store. But when they all assemble and their love of work appease, There's one class great among them, and it's called HUMANITIES. We grew famous for our studies, and our fame ran far and wide; Mr. Bergin was our leader, and he proved a faithful guide. He led us to the Forum; with debate the air was hot; We didn't care if Archias was citizen or not; We didn't care if old Marcellus ever got back home, Or if our friend Ligarius would see the walls of Rome. But we read of them with pleasure great, and with a blithesome heart We heard what Horace had to say about the Muses' Art. We sailed away to Grecian shores where Sappho loved and sang, And heard on Flavian's return Saint Chrysostom's harangue. We fought with great Achilles and we helped him win his fame; For we honoured not Atrides when he took our hero's dame. Then we voyaged with Aeneas who had suffered many knocks, And we sailed away to Latium, but landed on the rocks.

Later on we got to Carthage, and we loved fair Lybia's shore;
So there we stayed till Hannibal let loose the dogs of war.
We enlisted in his army then and went across to Spain;
After that we took Saguntum and returned to Rome again.
All the while in Mathematics we were busily at work
'Neath the wise and skilful guidance of Professor Francis Burke.
We were also friends of Boileau, and we journeyed off to France;
Then we went across to England for we thought we'd take a chance
With Macaulay, Shakespeare, Milton, Pope and other famous men.
Now our travels we have finished, but we'll have to start again;
For we must review our matter or we all shall have to fear
We shall take again the same old trip, the same old thing next year.

CHARLES C. PHELAN, '19.

HUMANITIES' NOBLE GIFT TO THE LL. & D.S.

A never-failing vein of gold,
An iron chest with wealth untold,
A lily that will never droop,
A precious pearl in oyster soup,—
All these are treasures sought by man
And prized by him, since time began.
But on the students of debate
At Old Loyola, kindly fate
The richest favour hath bestowed
That ever from her bounty flowed.
They got: a flower in the bud,
A priceless gem snatched from the mud,
A sparkling fount obscured by trees,—
When they received HUMANITIES.

First came our Herbie Blanchard. Great Daniel Webster's shade, Behold old Tully tremble Lest all his glory fade. First came our Herbie Blanchard, His golden head aflame; He lectured on ambition And earned himself a name. He spoke with "finest frenzy," On him the Muse had smiled; Enchanted by his genius, Our souls were all beguiled. With many flights and figures He pictured bloody war; Our pity for the victims In tear-drops drenched the floor. Next came one learned Phelan, A lad of flowing locks; Of Mexico he told us. Of bloodshed, wars and shocks. With grace he stood before us. And brushing back his hair, He sang of daring señors And señoritas fair. Then judged he Prescott's Hist'ry. And, with a critic's might, Exposed the volume's errors And showed where he was right. The noble art of printing By Noonan was explained: And when he'd aired his wisdom. No ignorance remained. Of printing-press the story To us he did relate; He spoke of its invention, Its progress up to date. He told us of its advent In lands that burn or freeze, Why printers needed devils, And all such facts as these. Next followed fair-haired Marcus. An orator of note, A blushing adolescent On whom young ladies dote. He sang of that great poet Who lived in Portland, Maine,

The equal of whose verses May ne'er be seen again. Young Marcus told his story From boyhood to old age; Our love for Henry Wadsworth Increased with every page. And when our love was greatest, Marc said that he was dead: Each one of us felt sorry And sadly shook his head. Then up rose Philippe Pacaud With true artistic grace: His essay of admission Deserves a worthy place. He told a tale of war-time. About two daring spies. Who entered some small village By cunning tricks and lies. The burghers were in cellars. The burgh was being shelled, The spies ransacked the houses And took what gems they held. They went into a tavern And made them there a feast; "Ma foi!" their evil conscience Was moved-not in the least. But pause a moment, reader, Mine eye would drop a tear To see how those two varlets Disposed of all the beer.

Emotion stops my lyric,
Tears pour from either eye;
My sob is like the thunder,
A piercing shriek, my sigh.
Their other daring exploits
In sooth I cannot tell;
I'll only say—(and truly)—
They did not fare so well.

Thus breaks my heart with sorrow:
We go our several ways;
But I depart contented:
I've crowned our class with praise.

JOHN WOLFE, '19.

MIDSHIPMAN THOMPSON

Midshipman Thompson, of His Majesty's Destroyer Vixen was indignant. I mention the fact, not to excuse or blame him in any way, but merely to state the reason for what follows, because, as in the tales of Homer, if he had not been indignant and angry, this story would not have been written.

As I have just stated, he was indignant. He had at the moment this story opens just received a signal from the flag-ship of the British fleet, which was in the Adriatic preparing to attack the Austrian port of Trieste. The signal, when deciphered, informed him that Lieut. Moore, commanding the *Vixen*, had been seriously injured on the flag-ship by a falling spar, and that the Admiral was sending him a new superior officer.

The news was enough to irritate him at any time, but coming as it did on the heels of the order that the fleet was to attempt that very night to force the harbour, it was still more disagreeable. The ship would be under the command of an officer who did not know the men, and who was unknown to them.

It was a very sad state of affairs at best. Here he was, a Senior Midshipman, standing five foot eleven and a half, who was well-liked by the Commander and the crew. He was now Acting Sub-Lieutenant, and quite capable in his own estimation of being Lieutenant or even Captain. His chief failing was that he was hot-headed and impulsive, a fatal fault in an aspiring chief officer. And now they were going to place a stranger over him. Bah!

All this he thought and much more, as he leaned on the railing of the bridge, and glazed gloomily at the array of dreadnoughts, cruisers and smaller craft of all sorts, rising and falling on the swell of the blue Adriatic, with the sun beating down from a clear July sky, its rays reflected by the brightly burnished brass on the decks.

For the remainder of his watch, he kept a sharp lookout for the new officer. However, the time passed slowly away. Darkness crept over the restless ocean and the great array of ships, dark and slim all cleared for action. But the new commander did not arrive.

"It looks as if there was a mistake somewhere," thought Thompson. "It's none of my affairs, though. It's not for me to tell my superiors what to do. If they don't send an officer, that's their business."

Just then a pinnace came out of the gloom and hailed the destroyer: "Vixen, ahoy! Have you an officer?"

Thompson seized a megaphone and was about to answer, when a sudden thought struck him. Why not take the opportunity of distinguishing himself. It might never occur again. He hesitated for a second only, then boldly called back: "Yes!"

The boat turned about, and passed away again into the darkness. But Midshipman Thompson began to have serious misgivings. He regretted his impulsiveness, and felt suddenly the real seriousness of his situation. Here he was, without explicit authority, and ignorant of the plan of action, when the order to advance might come at any moment. He thought more dispassionately of the matter now, as he paced slowly up and down the quarter-deck, and had soon made up his mind to inform the flag-ship at once that the *Vixen* was still without a commander.

He had barely given the message to the operator, when down the line of destroyers came the order: "Full speed ahead!" Thompson realized that he had changed his mind too late.

"What's to be done now?—What a fool I am!" To his mind's eye came the vision of a court-martial and his dismissal in disgrace. This panic lasted but a moment. Gritting his teeth as the men rushed to their stations, he pushed the telegraph right over to "Full steam ahead." "Might as well make the best of it," he thought, "even though I don't know the plan of action."

There was a whir of engines. The little ship shook herself as if awakening. Then with a rush of foam at the stern, as the propellers got up speed, she shot ahead. Swiftly the speed increased. A thin curl of wave rolled from the pointed nose; it thickened and turned from blue to white; then as the destroyer fell into its racing stride, a thick, rolling, creamy wave rose almost to the deck. The *Vixen* rushed through the night, each two minutes bringing her a mile nearer her object.

As they drew near Trieste, enemy lights began to roam searchingly over the sky and ocean. One of them found and settled on the shape of a cruiser, which was half a mile ahead of the foremost destroyer, rushing along with a cloud of black smoke belching from her funnels.

"By Jove! I've got the plan now," grinned Thompson, with great relief, that cruiser is going to ram the boom across the harbour mouth. I hope she gets there"

As the words left his mouth, he saw a puff of smoke rise from the cruiser, and one of her funnels toppled over, but she kept on, though her slackening speed showed that her engines were damaged. After this, things began to move, as the shells screamed through the air and exploded on all sides. Then the enemy got the range.

The leading destroyer was blown up, the next was in a sinking condition, and then the third with its engines disabled, turned aside, and there was now nothing but the cruiser between the Vixen and the harbour mouth. "Will she make it?" Thompson thought, straining his eyes in the glare of the searchlights. The cruiser was now only about five hundred yards away from the boom, but she was merely crawling along, and apparently sinking. She drew ever nearer;—four hundred yards,—three hundred,—two hundred and fifty... Bang!

The gallant ship appeared to burst asunder as a shell from an enemy mortar came down upon her. She staggered for a moment, and then dropped out of sight like a stone, and Thompson found himself running full speed towards the unbroken boom.

"And now what?" he asked himself desperately. "If I try to turn out of the line now, I'll go aground and most likely be blown up. If I go ahead, I'll smash her bows on the boom." He was already in the outer harbour and

only about a quarter of a mile from the obstruction. In the glare of the searchlight, he could see on the surface the logs which held the boom.

But he was no waverer in a crisis, so with his hand on the telegraph, he thought feverishly and with the swiftness of desperation. At last, when he was within two hundred yards of the boom, the idea came. He looked astern, and saw that the nearest dreadnought was a good half-mile behind. "I'll do it," he breathed grimly, "I never heard of torpedoing a boom, but it sounds easy enough." "Hard starboard!" he yelled at the motionless and stolid helmsman. "Hard starboard she is, sir," grunted the man with voice devoid of excitement, as the spokes spun round to his hand. The destroyer with a great column of water, rising and deluging the deck, turned across the harbour, almost capsizing in the act, and overthrowing a few of the men.

At the same moment Thompson pulled the telegraph to "Full speed astern." Then, as the *Vixen* steadied, he stopped her and sent a sharp command to the torpedo-crew: "Let go the port-side torpedoes!"

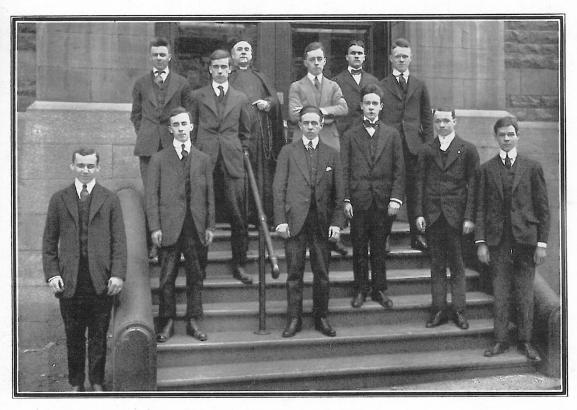
There was a whir of springs, a rush of air, a splash, and then another, and as the following dreadnought was almost upon them, Thompson going at full speed, circled towards the boom. "I'll get in there first, or die in the attempt," he ground out to himself. The destroyer was scarcely under way again when there was a muffled explosion, audible above the booming of the guns and the bursting of the shells, and a great column of water, lifting logs and chain with it, rose out of the sea, fifty yards ahead. Thompson gave a gasp of relief, and the crew who had been awaiting certain death at the boom, gave a mighty cheer.

Just as they crashed through the debris, there was a screaming sound, a shock which shook the little vessel like a cork, then an explosion at the stern, and with a lurch, the destroyer, still going at full speed, swerved to starboard with a shattered propeller. "Might have been worse," said Thompson shakily, as he stopped his boat. At the same instant, there was another crash as a shell struck the funnel behind him. He had a bewildering view of the helmsman flying off the bridge; then everything seemed to go from under him. He felt a deadening pain in his head, and a roaring sound in his ears. He was falling... falling in space. Then a blank void.

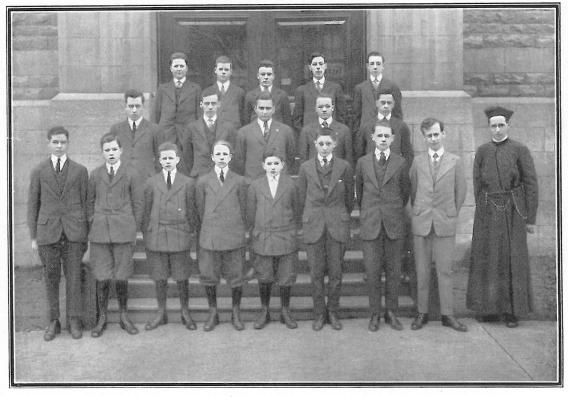
"Midshipman Thompson, I have to inform you that although your resourceful courage was of the greatest service at the taking of Trieste, the Admiralty has decided to remove you from the rank of midshipman." The speaker was the Admiral, and he was addressing our friend of the boom episode. who stood before him, with a downcast countenance, and a bandaged head, where he had been struck by a fragment of shell.

"You have shown," continued the stern-looking young Admiral, "that you are not fitted for the position you hold. Therefore,—therefore I have the pleasure of informing you that you are now a Lieutenant of the Royal Navy. Allow me to be the first to congratulate you, Lieutenant Thompson."

With a flushed face and reeling giddy head, Thompson stammered his appreciation, and soon found himself out on deck, relieved, overjoyed at his promotion, and confirmed in his belief that great opportunities are meant to be grasped.



OFFICERS OF THE SODALITY



FIRST GRAMMAR

FIRST GRAMMAR

They came unto a land fertile and rich in lore, and taking up their abode dwelt therein; and the land was called First Grammar. And the air thereof was pure, and the food thereof gave strength to the weak and made the strong to grow more strong. And the days thereof were filled with joy, for the sun shone and was bright; wherefore their spirits leaped up and were glad. But it so happened that on certain days the rain fell, and the heavens were clouded, and the thunderbolt smote the land, and great fear came upon all the people; but the showers passed away, and the earth burst forth in song; wherefore their spirits leaped up and were glad again.

Now there dwelt in this land: Of Roberts, three; Robert of Toronto, of stature small, of habits industrious; Robert of Chateaugay, of stature small, sunny and lithe; and Robert of Westmount, likewise of stature small, dilatory yet fervent: Of Arthurs, two; the one of Outremont, shy, gentle and industrious; the other of Cornwall, kind and gentlemanly and skilled in games: Of Johns, three; Hough, the minder of goals, and John of Cornwall, of the family of Bruce; and John, surnamed The Fair, comely of features and diligent: One Edward, and Cornelius one; the former mighty in size and excuses, in promises mighty, and big of heart; the latter, a master in Logic.

And there also came up into this land, from over against the Locks that are called Lachine, Byrne of the house of Clément, and Kenneth, his countryman, generous and light of heart; and the head of the same is as scarlet. And Maurice came; and Pascal, modest and well-versed in learning; and Horatio, of mien mysterious; and Everett, skilled in swimming; and Gerald and William, manly both; and Charles, a man of peace and obliging.

Now, it came to pass that James came up and dwelt in this land that is called First Grammar, James of Renfrew; and his coming was like the coming of summer. And another James came and settled there, and he laboured and gathered in a mighty harvest. Likewise did Michael.

And in peace did they dwell there, all that came into the land, in peace and contentment, like brothers; and happy were they that dwelt in the land that is called First Grammar.

"THE ANCIENT."



THE LANDSLIDE

The cloud of dust rolling over the narrow, ribbon-like road that wound through the valleys of the mountainous region of British Columbia gradually drew nearer and nearer, until the big, lumbering coach, typical of early settling times, lurched into view. The weary horses, of their own accord, swung in towards the only hotel that the little town of Aranac could boast of. The driver, a boy of scarcely sixteen years, dropped lightly from his high seat to the ground and opened the coach door. The solitary passenger alighted, counted his fare into the boy's extended hand, and entered the hotel.

The driver was a bright and sturdy youth of Western Canada. Tall and well built, he might easily have claimed three years above his actual age. He was entirely free from that awkwardness which frequently marks the country boy; his ready, cheerful smile expressed the warmth of his young heart; and his strong, firm-set mouth denoted a determination seldom found in one so young.

As Jack Watson unharnessed his horses and gave them their noon-day fodder, he pondered over his present circumstances. The money he had received from the single passenger he had driven over that morning would, he knew, be scarcely sufficient to pay for one meal for his horses. The business had not always been at such low ebb. At one time it had been very flourishing and had yielded a tidy sum for its owners. But ever since the coming of the Sunset Railway which carried the passengers with greater speed and comfort than the old-fashioned stage-coach, his trade had gradually fallen off, till the climax was reached when he made the long journey with but one passenger. The boy decided that he must now seek other means of supporting himself and his widowed mother.

When Jack entered his mother's cottage that evening, she asked him why he looked so worried.

"Well, mother," he said, "the business is going from bad to worse. Why, to-day I had only one passenger, and that was because he had missed his train."

"Don't worry, Jack, it may pick up later on," his mother said encouragingly.

"I don't think so, mother," the boy replied. "People usually prefer to travel by train; and since the railroad has been completed, I know our chances are poor. I fear I shall have to seek other employment."

"But," his mother protested, "I shouldn't like to see you give up the business. You know your father managed to make a comfortable living out of stage-driving, and it was his wish to have you succeed him."

"I know that, mother," answered Jack, "but times have changed since father drove the coach. He did not foresee the coming of the railway so soon, and, besides," he added with determination, "I didn't intend to be always a stage-driver, even though the business did hold out."

The boy finished his meal in silence. He resolved to make the trip to-morrow for the last time; and when he made known his resolution to his mother, she was forced to admit he was right and agreed that he should seek some other and more profitable employment.

Jack started his long journey without a single passenger, more for the sake of bidding farewell to the familiar scenes he loved than for the hope of obtaining passengers at Bear Gulch. The part of the road which he was now traversing took a sudden dip of almost two hundred feet. Above this, at the side, ran the railroad tracks. Jack glanced up casually at the tracks and beheld a sight that filled him with horror. The treacherous filling under the tracks had fallen away and was now piled up like a small mountain on the road before him, while above, a hundred feet in the air, hung the rails without other support than the few bolts that held them together. The boy's quick brain took in the situation at a glance. The ponderous watch his father had left him told him it was five minutes past eleven. In twenty minutes or even less, he knew the Sunset Express would come racing along, and if something were not done to stop it, would go crashing below and hurl hundreds into eternity.

His mind filled with the one idea of saving the train, Jack began to clamber up the bank at one side of the landslide. As he neared the top, he heard the long-drawn whistle of the engine in the distance. The warning sound roused all his remaining energy. Half-running, half stumbling, he raced down the tracks some hundreds of yards to a shack used by the section-men. But even as he ran his heart sank. The door of the shack was fastened with a stout padlock. He put what breath was left in him into one desperate shout, but there was no answer save the long echo of his own voice. Again the engine whistled and this time its sharp screech told him he had four, perhaps five, minutes in which to save a trainload of people from an appalling death. Seizing a plank which was leaning against the side of the shack, he rushed at the door. The improvised battering-ram proved successful. Half-a-dozen rushes and the door, wrenched from its hinges, swung open and hung by the padlock. Quickly Jack's eyes swept the interior of the shack and as they caught sight, in a far corner, of a five-gallon oil-can used by the linemen to replenish their construction lanterns, he was seized with a brilliant inspiration.

In less than a minute he had piled high on the tracks whatever material for a fire he could lay hands on—a few old boxes, a pile of kindling, a few straw brooms and a partially used roll of tar-paper. From the latter he tore a few strips which he threw around the wood, then uncorked the can, turned it upside down on the pile, and touched a match to the beacon. At the same time he could hear the roar of the fast-approaching train and knew it could be but a few hundred yards away. But already a dark red flame had shot upwards, growing brighter and brighter, higher and higher. A strong breeze carried a cloud of black and yellow smoke into Jack's face. It was in his eyes, in his mouth, in his nostrils. It was suffocating him. He turned and groped blindly away. He knew he could do no more.

When at last Jack was able to breathe once more the fresh air and see out of his smarting eyes, he beheld the train panting and snorting not twenty feet from the fire, and the engineer and trainmen, followed by a crowd of curious passengers, approaching him. He sent up a brief prayer of thankfulness, for he knew he had been successful. He informed the people of the landslide, and their curiosity changed to horror at the fate they had so narrowly escaped and gratitude towards their heroic saviour. The crew went to investigate and when they returned, the engineer, a big, kind-hearted Scotchman, extended a large, oily hand to Jack.

"Give us your hand, sonny!" he said, his eyes filled with tears. "That was the closest shave I have had in twenty-five years. But for you, precious few of us would be alive now, and Donald Barlow won't forget this day."

A quiet, grey-haired man came up and asked Jack's name which he was careful to write in his note-book. Many were the blessings showered on our hero. A young man on a long trip to see his wife and children endeavoured to press a wallet into Jack's hand, saying he had saved him for his family and that he would be grateful for the rest of his life. But Jack maintained he had done only his duty and would accept nothing.

Slowly the passengers returned to their carriages and the train backed to the junction, travel being discontinued until the track could be repaired. Jack made his way back to his coach thankful that he had been instrumental in saving so many lives, but not at all conscious of the bravery and presence of mind he had shown in the face of an imminent catastrophe.

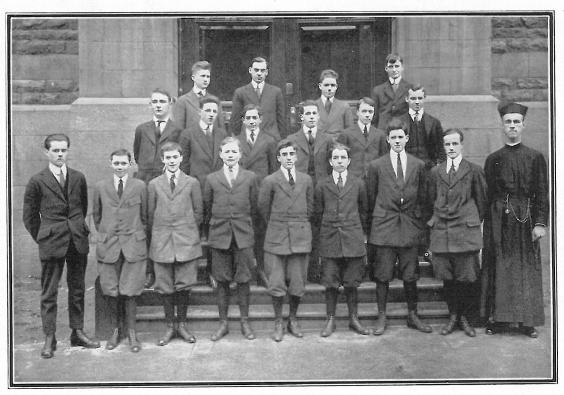
The following night when Jack, worn out by his fruitless search for employment, returned home, he was met at the door by his mother. She handed him a letter.

"A letter for me!" exclaimed Jack, "that is something new." With trembling hands he tore open the envelope. With glowing face he read the brief contents. The letter was from the president of the Sunset Railway, the quiet, gray-haired gentleman of the day before who had taken Jack's name. He thanked Jack on behalf of the company, praised his coolness and ingenuity, and offered him a steady job on the Sunset whenever he needed it.

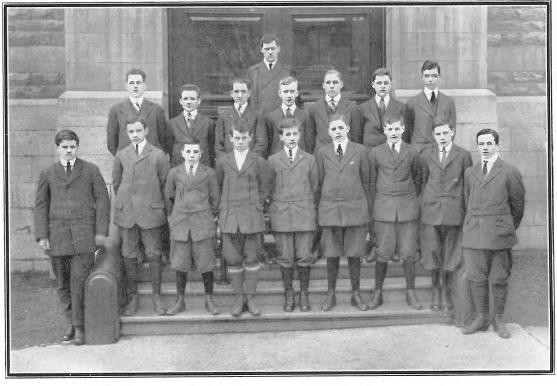
Years later the through Sunset Express to Vancouver that whirls along between Aranac and Bear Gulch, slows down as it approaches the spot where occurred the memorable landslide. The passengers often wonder at this, but we are able to understand this precaution, for we know the engineer's name is Jack Watson.

JOHN W. PHILLIPS, First Grammar.





SECOND GRAMMAR "A"



SECOND GRAMMAR "B"

SECOND GRAMMAR "A"

Everyone has heard of the great Savonarola, that ardent monk whose burning words first astounded, then attracted and converted the pleasureloving city of Florence. Everyone has heard, too, how his truly converted hearers made a public bonfire of all that could hinder them from saving their souls.

This happened in Florence in the fifteenth Century. What has it to do with Second Grammar "A" in the twentieth Century? Simply this. One day Quinlan came to class with a bright glitter in his eyes, and everyone knew something unusual was ruffling his natural serenity. When asked by Bertrand and Keenan to enlighten us all, Quinlan unfolded this scheme. The exams were near and must be passed at all costs. Was everyone willing to sacrifice everything to pass them? "We are!" was the unanimous shout. Then, as history repeats itself, he suggested a "Savonarola's bonfire."

Dineen undertook to play the part of the preacher. The bonfire was prepared. Beating his breast and tearing his hair, with tearful countenance, each one brought some cherished object, and, with averted face, left it at the funeral pile. Charland left his bicycle and his morning newspaper; Timmins, his automobile and mandolin; Lonergan, his hockey-stick and semi-annual ticket to Quebec; Quinlan, a canoe; Bertrand, roller-skates; O'Brien, a chest of pills and patent medicines; some person or persons unknown, a "trot" for Ovid; Corbett, a written promise renouncing monthly holidays—time to be spent in study-hall. These were a few of the sacrifices made, and as the flames mounted up to the sky, there rose with them fervent resolutions that nothing henceforth would coax the class from uniform application to study. The result was marvellous. Innes brushed back his hair from his mighty forehead and said: "I will!" And he did. That very month of that very year, the Prefect, at the reading of monthly notes, called out: "Second in application, Innes." O'Rourke, too, rubbed his hands, and with Caesar's Gallic War under his arm plunged into the Rubicon. Since then, in Euclid, Hearn has fairly bristled with acute angles; while O'Brien simply walked away with Xenophon's Anabasis, and has been absent now for three months. McA'Nulty also is doing wonders in Greek; but that is not surprising, for Quinn, his implacable enemy, says that as a child his first words were lisped in Greek. Carson alone sacrificed nothing in the bonfire. He had nothing to sacrifice. So devoted a student of Hall and Knight's Algebra had long ago given up all else.

For a time, eye-shades were beginning to be too common in class. McGee says there are a few lights who by their brilliance quite dazzle the eyes of their classmates. But the Professor found by experience that convenient eye-shades cover a multitude of drooping eye-lids.

Keenan has been very quiet of late. He is much devoted to Algebra, and has been pondering in vain for two weeks over the following problem: if a boy keeps on growing an inch a week, what size must his present new suit of clothes be if it is to fit him three months hence?

The future of our class is uncertain. Timmins will be great with the pen, and even without it. McGee will be the shrewdest man on 'Change. Corbett will certainly make a name for himself-what kind we don't just yet know. Dineen will grace almost any position. Dolan will also achieve fame, but will die like the rest of us. Lonergan's sang-froid and equivocal answers will make him worthy of a judge's cap. McA'Nulty will be everybody's friend. His schoolmates have already suggested the following epitaph for his tombstone: "Often absent, but not forgotten." McGarr is destined to be a lay apostle in the Hawaiian Islands. Hearn will be captain of a ship, and Clément will die young, for even now he is frequently nearly tickled to death. McCarthy will win laurels on the platform or in the pulpit. Quinn will write poems in Gaelic, whose worth will attract succeeding generations to visit his last resting-place. Innes will live to extreme old age, but will ever retain intact his knowledge of Cicero and Ovid. We refrain from predicting anything about the others; they will no doubt some day surprise the world-in one way or another.

"DUMNORIX."



THE LOST RAIDER

The day was at its close and the broad red disc of the sun had almost disappeared beyond the low and distant hills, when Roger Mortimer, of the Anti-Aircraft Corps, and his chum, Ned Farland, wound their way down a narrow path from the little English village to the aeroplane hangars. They had just received orders from headquarters to proceed immediately to the sheds, have everything in readiness, and be on the look-out for the enemy's Zeppelins, as a raid was hourly expected.

Roger carefully examined and oiled the powerful machine, and then tested the engine. Ned looked at his chum rather enviously. As a gunner, he had made many flights with Roger, but his sole ambition was to become a pilot.

- "How does she go?" he asked when the deafening roar of the propeller had ceased.
 - "Like a fifty-guinea watch," replied Roger.
 - "I am keen to be up."

After a final examination to see that the adjustment was perfect, the two chums lay down beside the aeroplane, filled and lighted their pipes, and proceeded to wait. The night was warm, and as the hours dragged on with no sign or sound of the enemy, conversation died out, and by three o'clock both men were silent and drowsy.

All of a sudden Roger raised his head, wondering for the moment what had disturbed him. A familiar sound reached his ears, the booming of a gun far out at sea.

"Something happening!" he muttered, as he raised himself on his elbow. Once more the roar of guns was repeated. Roger and Ned sprang to their feet. Suddenly flashes of bursting shells appeared high in the heavens, as the guns of the watchful cruisers and of a battery stationed on a nearby hillock fired at the enemy. They strained their eyes and ears, until amid the noise of the guns and the tearing crackle of the shells they could hear the buzzing of the propellers and the peculiar splashing sound that told them the raider was a Zeppelin.

A searchlight flung a bar of silvery light across the dark sky. Roger caught only a glimpse of the invader, for she was flying very high. He turned round and seized Ned by the arm.

"Come on, Ned!" he exclaimed, "this is our chance. Now for the Zeppelin!"

In a moment he was in his place on the machine, with Ned ready to twirl the propeller.

"Ready, Ned?"

As Roger set up spark and feed, Ned spun the great blades around. The motor roared out. Ned ran back, as the great machine quivered and moved, and clambered up upon it. It glided forward and rose into the teeth of the breeze.

Roger knew from experience how high the raiders generally flew, and the moment he saw the gleam of the sea beneath he began to climb. Above the roar of the engine he heard the distant echo of a gun. Other British aeroplanes were in pursuit of the Zeppelin. Roger swung the Morane around and climbed still higher and higher till Ned's teeth began to chatter with the cold. As they turned once more, the pale ghost of a moon shone through the lowering clouds.

Far away to the north-east floated a dark object like a half-sunken hulk awash in a lazy sea, a Zeppelin. But at that moment she vanished as the clouds drifted over her. Ned gave a cry of disappointment. His gun crashed out. The Zeppelin had an escort. A German "Aviatik" had risen out of the clouds and was rushing upon the Morane with its Q.-F. gun at work. Bullets whizzed past the aeroplane, and Ned fired back in turn. Roger set his teeth.

"We're between two fires," he said grimly. A second "Aviatik" was bearing down on the Morane at a terrific pace. Ned turned his gun on this unexpected foe.

"Got her!" he shrieked, wild with excitement. "I bagged her that time."

What the damage was they could not tell, but in a moment the "Aviatik" staggered, swayed dizzily, lurched this way and that, trembled, quivered and turned completely over. Then it plunged downwards and was lost in the darkness.

The second "Aviatik" was nearly a mile away, but seeing the fate of her companion, she immediately turned tail and fled for home. She was only small game to hunt, however, with a mighty Zeppelin so near.

But where was the Zeppelin? The clouds were dense, and she was not below them, or at least they could not see her. Roger drove the Morane upward again through the chilling curtain of cloud. She was not there. The darkness was in the raider's favour, but dawn was not far off, and that surely would reveal her.

All at once there was a gush of flame a few hundred yards away. A shell fired by a British cruiser either at the Zeppelin or at the "Aviatik" had burst there. Ned seized Roger's arm. To the right they sighted their giant quarry. She poked her nose through the clouds and was thrashing upwards as fast as her propellers could work. The shells from the watchful cruiser had compelled her to rise hurriedly and reveal herself to the pursuing Morane. She saw her peril. Her only hope was to soar to a greater height than the aeroplane.

"If I can't get above her to drop a bomb, I'll take my chance of smashing clean through her," thought Roger, his face hard and set. "She'll murder no more if I can stop her."

Ned's powerful binoculars showed him very little in the gloom, except that they were gaining on the raider. Unless a miracle happened, the Zeppelin was their prize.

There was a sharp series of splutters and flashes, and a stream of bullets whistled through the air around them. The Zeppelin's machine-gun was in action. It was good shooting at a small mark in a bad light.

"A fluke," muttered Ned. "Try a few of our specials." As Ned fired,

a succession of "pings" resounded on the metal of their machine. Roger banked and swerved the Morane around. The Zeppelin's gunner was a dangerous customer, and he handled a deadly weapon.

"The game is up," thought Roger, "and well the baby-murderers know it." The men who had laughed with glee at the wanton murder of babies and women paled as they saw the Morane rushing down upon them, the winged avenger of their innocent victims. It was just above them now, and the bomb from Ned's hand fell true to its mark. A terrific explosion rent the air. Great blue-white flames gushed from the monster's sides and lighted up the sky with ghastly radiance. The Morane with her dazed and deafened pilot and gunner was tossed on a sea of flame.

When darkness closed down, dark and impenetrable after the titanic glare of the exploding gas, the Morane lurched and swayed, but kept on her way. In a few moments, though feeling sick and dizzy, Roger had full control of her again. The enormous explosion had been seen and heard below, and the firing from the battery and cruiser now ceased. Roger headed for the hangar. A short time later he nearly overturned the aeroplane as he descended in the gloom, for his nerves were badly shaken.

For this magnificent feat of skill and daring, Roger now wears the Victoria Cross, while Ned, his ambition realized, is now the pilot of the newest type of aeroplane.

W. H. TABB, First Grammar.



SECOND GRAMMAR "B"

We were not always Second Grammar "B." For the first month of the year we foolishly rejoiced in the absence of a cognomen and were known simply as Second Grammar. The ignominy of the "B" was added later.

We had begun to read Caesar's Gallic War; had waded through the preliminary chapter on Gallic geography and reached the more interesting one concerning the migration of the Helvetians. Our imaginations were fired. We felt we were eye-witnesses to their preparations for departure. We saw with glee their burning villages and smiled in a superior kind of way at the primitiveness of their means of transportation. With the weak-kneed brethren who must surely have been there casting "longing, lingering looks behind," conscious to themselves of no inward flame urging them westward to conquest, we had no sympathy. This was because of our inexperience. We little dreamed that we also "pro multitudine hominum," were to be the modern representatives, on a very small scale, of the far off shadowy Helvetians.

One morning toward the end of the class, Father Prefect paid us a visit and proceeded, without preface or explanation, to read a list of names. Each, as he heard his name called, stood up hastily, examining his conscience, and wondering how the Prefect could have found out and who told. Doran, it was observed, on hearing his name, warmed his hands in a mechanical, automatic fashion, suggestive of long experience—though it is only fair to add that on one of his lively days, he summoned up sufficient courage to deny this.

However, it was only a scare. Our consciences had made cowards of use Our escapades had not found us out this time. Father Prefect's visit was only for the purpose of informing us that henceforth we should be known as Second Grammar "B," and "that fresh fields and pastures new," with a new shepherd thrown in, awaited us on the next floor. This was sad, but it was whispered that such decisions were irrevocable. Terroux, going downstairs, was heard to mutter resignedly: "Theirs but to do and die," and other apposite but unquotable extracts from the same poem. Kavanagh felt crushed. Only a week or two previously he had eluded, he had hoped forever, the new teacher, and now here he was again, at the next bend in the road. The teacher himself said that our objection to him was that he knew us so well; we felt that the knowledge was mutual.

However, the year has passed uneventfully. He is still at the helm, we are bending lustily to our oars and land is in sight. Our crew is complete, but for Clément, whom we miss, for he was industrious and helped well to uphold the reputation of the Class. As we are only boys looking with curiosity into the future, we are glad that the year is nearly over. We do not wish for a reunion in Second Grammar next year, but perhaps later, when our visions splendid have realized themselves:

Honoured and old, and all gaily-apparelled, Somewhere we shall meet, and remember the past.

"The sad historian of the pensive plain."—(Beaudin.)

"Better late than never."—(Byrne.)

"Conspicuous for their absences."—(Coughlin and Haddlesey.)
"Conspicuous for their presences."—(Macdonell and Leitch.)

"The labouring swain."—(Doran.)

"Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."—(Kavanagh.)

"These were thy charms, Sweet Village; sports like these."—(Kearns, McKenna, Tellier.)

"The village all declared how much they knew."—(Terroux and Massé.)

"They also serve who only stand and wait."....outside Father Prefect's, office.—(Kent.)

"Remote from town, he ran his morning race".... to catch the street car. -(Wickham.)

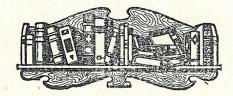
"Mister, O say, does that star-spangled banner still wave

O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave?"—(Fargis.)

"Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?"—Not (Scanlan.)

"Let all the people cry and say 'God save the King.' "—(Topp.)

"The Maple Leaf for ever."—(All.)



8.40 A.M.

"Mr. Hooper!" called Battalion Sergeant-Major Taswell. "Is Mr. Hooper here?" Immediately a cheerful voice was heard in response, and, a moment later, the person addressed—a smart young subaltern of the Canadian Expeditionary Force—emerged from a lately constructed dug-out in the side of the trench.

"What's up?"

"Colonel Sanderson would like to speak to you in the reserve trench."

"Very well, I am coming," carelessly answered Hooper, as he tightened his "Sam-Browne" and adjusted his trench-cap, preparatory to fulfilling his superior officer's request.

Ronald Hooper was a young man of twenty years of age who had joined a Canadian contingent as a lieutenant in charge of the machine-gun section. But during his stay in the trenches he had left the gun and had replaced a captain in the Battalion. The trenches, where he was stationed, were about twenty-five yards from the enemy's position, and it was not at all unusual to have an engagement at close quarters. As soon as he was able to appear before his commanding officer, Hooper followed the Sergeant-Major along the zig-zagging communication-trench till they came to the entrance of the Colonel's dug-out. The Sergeant-Major entered, and almost immediately reappeared, telling Ronald that the Colonel was waiting to see him. Stooping down to avoid the low roof at the entrance to the dug-out, he walked in, and found the Colonel sitting on an inverted box at a small table dimly lighted by a smoky oil-lamp. Ronald came to a halt within three paces of the table, and saluted smartly.

"Sit down, Hooper," said the Colonel, indicating with his thumb another box like the one on which he himself sat. "I suppose you must be anxious to know what I want you for."

"Yes, sir," answered Ronald.

"Well, I will tell you. The Germans hold a strong position directly in front of us. I want to dislodge them from there with the smallest possible loss of life, and the best way of doing it is, as far as I can see, to blow up their trench. Now, I believe that you realize what I wish you to do, don't you?"

"I understand that you want me to take several men; dig a tunnel to the enemy's lines; then, place a charge of gun-cotton in position, and, having lit the fuse, return to safety," said Ronald, who was beginning to see clearly what his superior officer intended him to do.

"That is exactly what I do wish. Now, good luck! I leave it entirely to your discretion to make the necessary preparations. While your men are tunnelling, I will telephone to the artillery to keep up a constant fire and thus keep the Germans busy."

Ronald saluted and walked out. He had barely reached his fire-trench when he met Corporal Simmons. This man saluted on seeing his officer and would have passed on, but Ronald stopped him.

"See here, Simmons, I would like you to choose eight of the best men you

can find, get picks and shovels for six of them, and wait for me near Cassel's dug-out."

"Alright, sir, they will be ready in about twenty minutes," said Simmons, and leaving his lieutenant he departed with his lantern rattling merrily.

Hooper immediately set about getting the gun-cotton, detonators and other necessaries. When he returned with these things, he met Corporal Simmons who announced that all was ready. There was nothing to do but to begin operations. When Hooper had selected the part of the trench nearest to the enemy, he gave orders to the men to start digging the tunnel. The earth was moist and soft, so the work progressed fairly rapidly. While some were digging out the earth, others piled it into sand-bags and carried it out, using it to reinforce weak parts of the parapet. After about two hours' steady work, Ronald found that they had gone twenty feet. He gave the men a ten minutes' rest.

While leaning against the side of the tunnel, he fancied he heard a clink. He immediately applied his ear to the wall and whispered to his men to stop talking. Again he heard the unmistakable sound of a shovel striking a stone, then some German voices. Instantly he realized what was happening. At a very short distance from him the Germans were preparing to blow up the Canadian trench. Ronald decided to listen and, if possible, hear what the Germans were saying. He could speak German fluently, and consequently would find no difficulty in understanding the conversation. He ordered his men to extinguish their lanterns and then one of them carefully scooped some of the earth out of the wall that separated them from the Germans. For a few moments everything was quiet except for the "click, click" of the spades as they struck against a stone embedded in the earth. Then Ronald heard one of the enemy ask the time.

"A quarter to eight," another answered gruffly. "Captain Leibnitz ordered us to be back by eight."

"We shall be there by then. At what time are we going to fire the charge?"

"At eight forty exactly," answered the owner of the gruff voice.

"Why the delay, Sergeant?"

"Those are the orders. Get to work at once."

Presently Hooper had the intense satisfaction of hearing the muffled footsteps of the enemy as they returned along their tunnel. He waited until he thought the Germans had had ample time to regain their own trench, and then ordered the men to remove the earth that lay between the German tunnel and his. The men did this so willingly that in about ten minutes the two tunnels were joined together.

Ronald took the lantern and moved forward; there was nothing to be seen except a large charge of explosives, neatly placed and tamped with sand-bags, with two wires running from it along the tunnel in the direction of the German trench. He at once decided to take his own explosives and those of the Germans, place them within twenty feet of the enemy trench and connect the wires. He sent back four of the men to report what was being done, and taking a lantern advanced along the tunnel, followed at a distance of about thirty feet by his men carrying the explosives. Ronald walked on for a while, till, turning a corner, he saw a spot of light ahead. He immediately stopped and waited

for his men. When these came up, he commanded them to lay the charges. He helped them to tamp the explosives and to place them, for in such a serious position all had to help. As soon as all was ready for connecting the wires with the charge, he sent back the other four men, and with the help of Simmons set to work connecting the wires to the little cylindrical electric fuse which had been embedded in the gun-cotton. It was now twenty-five minutes past, and in fifteen minutes there would remain nothing of the tunnel in which they worked. The wire broke twice, but by half past the connections were made. Taking one last look around to see that all was right, Ronald took up the lantern, and, followed by the Corporal, started to run towards his own trench. After about five minutes they had only covered about two-thirds of the distance for it was hard work moving in a hot, stuffy tunnel not more than four feet in height.

"No fun running here, is it, sir?" inquired the soldier, panting vigorously.

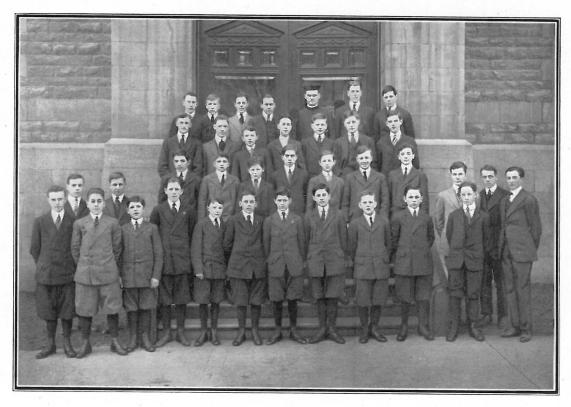
"Quite right, Simmons," answered Hooper cheerfully, "are you tired?"

"Not exactly, sir, only hot; are we nearly there?" asked Corporal Simmons. Ronald was about to answer, when Simmons caught his foot on a stone, and fell heavily to the ground. The unlucky Corporal tried hard to rise, but his leg was badly strained, and he could not use it. Ronald knew if he remained to help Simmons, he ran a great risk of being killed by being so near the explosion when it occurred. But he did not hesitate.

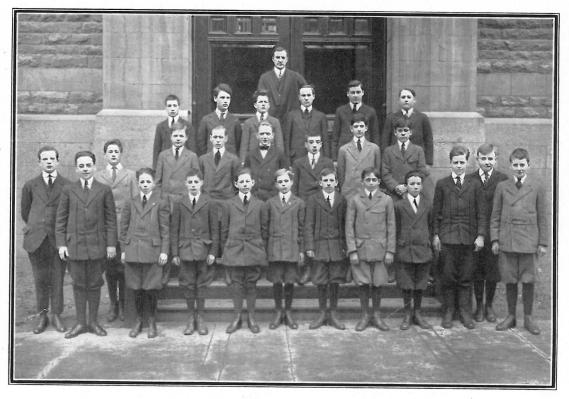
"For heaven's sake!" said the Corporal, "save yourself, sir; you have just time to get back; leave me here." But Ronald took no notice of what he said. and lifting Simmons on his back, in spite of his protests, started to carry him. The road was very bad and Ronald's progress was slow. A wound he had received a week before, in the right leg, hurt him, and he began to feel weak. He wanted to lie down and sleep. But the thought of the life that depended upon him spurred him on. He made a great effort, and though the strain was terrible, he moved on painfully. He prayed that he might see his own trench again, and during that time he prayed more earnestly than he had ever done in his life. He now saw what a great thing life was, and what a disaster it seemed to part with it. Those thoughts filled him with a wild desire not to die and a determination not to give up. At last he came to the spot where he first encountered the German patrol. Only twenty feet more to go, yet twenty feet seemed a mile. He still struggled on. The body on his back seemed to be two hundred pounds heavier than ever; his foot was causing him excruciating pain, and his head was spinning so fast that he began to lose consciousness. But at that moment, he emerged into the daylight of the trench, and a dozen men caught him as he staggered out, relieving him of his burden, while a great cheer arose from the men in the trench.

Almost at the same instant, a terrific explosion shook the air. The German works had been blown up. Ronald had accomplished his mission; and with a murmur of "Thank Heaven!" he fell panting into the arms of Colonel Sanderson.

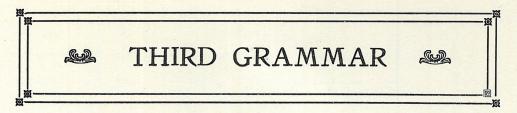
R. T. F., Second Grammar "B."



THIRD GRAMMAR



LATIN RUDIMENTS



THE MYSTERY OF THE MISSING FISH.—I well remember that evening in early June. It was in our rooms at 36 Baker Street. My friend Holmes, having taken his violin from its case, his pipe from the rack and his whiskey and soda from the stand near-by, was soon ensconced in comfort and at peace with the world. He began:—

"My dear Watson, in my present mood ideas seem to come without effort. My thoughts seem to flow, as it were, like a stream down a steep hill.

Now the point at issue—La-pointe, as they say in French—is this: If Basserman stole the fish, the case against him is very Black, and it is contrary to every Kannon of common-sense that he should be Enright with Muldoon. The fact that a Pye was also purloined, while it adds nothing to the heinousness of the crime, Fosters the idea that Deslauriers was implicated. It is well known that he was partial to Lefebvre's "Kelly," in which traces of the Pye were found. Lefebvre has established an alibi through his friends the Lavimodières, and Laplante asserts that he saw Deslauriers wearing the "Kelly."

My theory is that Deslauriers stole the fish and the Pye, placed them both on his head, and covered them with Lefebvre's "Kelly," while hiding behind the Wall.

Working along these Lyons, we come to the obvious conclusion that Binda and Bray were accomplices, since Carlin and Nadeau testify that both these suspects advised him to Trihey's hat on Décarie, or on one of the Pannetons, to see if it would stick or look fishy.

As even Tyrrell admit, this evidence is Shortall round, unless we can account for the simultaneous Wendling, in the vicinity, of Sutton. Not even McArthur or McCrory would for a moment Lennon an ear to such testimony.

However, in a spicy interview with McGarr, Murphy optimistically declared: "The prospects are splendid. With Timmins sight as a lawyer for the defence in that fish-Pye case, we'll get Basserman acquitted, or my name is Denis."

"WATSON."

COM LATIN RUDIMENTS COM

In Rudiments all have a claim
To no end of glory and fame;
But I haven't room here
To do justice, I fear,
So I'll just mention everyone's
name.

Mulvena and Leamy and Day
Have their troubles, each one in his
way;
Marcus puts on more weight,
D'Arcy's hair won't keep straight,
Thomas poisoned his thumb-tip
to-day.

McMahon, McDonald and Smith Will receive our attention herewith. Of this last feather-weight We are happy to state That his leaving for good was a myth. Three B's we must never forget Are Brennan, Brodeur, Bissonnette. There's no reason to tether These three thus together, But their place in the old alphabet. Anglin still leads the class by a mile; Courtney still wears his beautiful smile; Chubby Hanlon's no older; Semple's still an upholder Of all that's correct and in style. Who with dapper Lesage can compare, Unless it be Lewis the fair? While Kennedy's serious, Tellier, mysterious, And Tobin lives free from all care. Two youths who go through life in jerks Are the swift-swimming, sweet-singing Quirks. Rolland's answers are famous, He's no ignoramus; We all know how Zimmermann works. Said Sawyer last week to Belisle: "I hear you are fearfully ill."

Said Carson, said he:

"Oh! it's only his knee;
He'd get well, if he tried to keep still."

Duhaime, the Del Soles, Lapointe
Expectations will not disappoint;

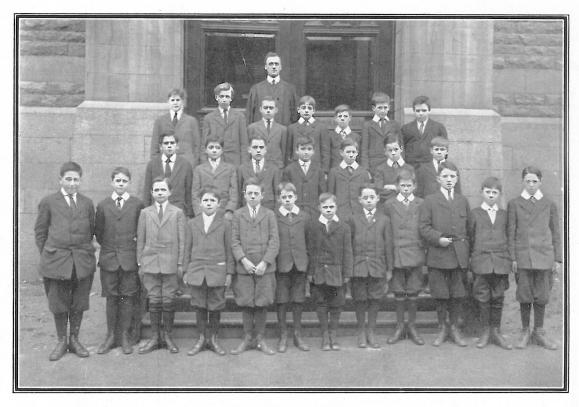
In prediction

Expectations will not disappoint;
Poor Hector Décary
At home loves to tarry;
Thus our whole thirty names are conjoint.

Here's the end of my doggerel tale; In predictions thus far I'll go bail: Of this wonderful class Those will not fail who pass, And all those who don't pass will fail.



FIRST PREPARATORY



SECOND PREPARATORY

FIRST PREPARATORY

We were asked to write a history of our class, and we thought we would be able to say all sorts of things, but it is not as easy as it looked at first. It was decided that everyone should write something and that then we would pick out the best. The first time, our histories were very poor and we had to try again. The second time we were told they were a little better, but not good enough. We did not know what to do then, but we did not wish to be left out of the REVIEW, and so we wrote a third time. Six boys had better histories than the others and we took a little from each. These boys are: Ronald Robinson, Teddy Whalen, Paul Casey, Edward Brannen, Hosmer Taylor and Robert Graham.

When we started class on the 8th of September Mr. Burke was our teacher. Two weeks later there were so many boys in Second Grammar that two sections had to be formed, and Mr. Burke was asked to teach Section "B." We were then all anxious to know who was going to be our new teacher, but no one would tell us. The next day we hurried to class and were introduced to Father Brewer, S.J. The class is composed of twenty-six boys, all gay and happy, sometimes too much so, for we get into trouble.

We have a special body-guard of one. Gerald Décary comes to class every day in khaki. We call him Sergeant-Major Décary. When there is any row, he has to settle it. Edgar Gahan helps him. Edgar is the Manager of the "Daily News" of First Preparatory. Sometimes it is called "The Daily Post" and sometimes "The Mail," but we ought to have only one name. We get out extras, too; for instance, when Ashton Tobin hurt his foot we had a special extra.

In games and athletics we are very good. On the Field-Day Gerald Timmins won a bicycle race and George McNamee came second in a half-mile race. As soon as hockey started we called a meeting of the class to form a team. Bobbie Graham was elected captain, and Ronnie Robinson, manager. We called our team the Royals. We defeated Second Preparatory by the score of 5–4 and played an even game with Latin Rudiments. We also defeated Côte des Neiges College boys whenever we played them. When the Intramural League was formed nearly everyone wished to join, and so our team was broken up. Several of our boys played well in the junior section of that league. When the baseball season came the famous "Royals" were converted into a ball team. We have done very well so far.

The exams are keeping us busy now. We have to work hard if we do not wish to be in the same class next year. We all wish to thank our teacher for being so good to us during the year and helping us so much.

SECOND PREPARATORY

Here goes! I make my bow, Though it may cause a row.

We saw so much poetry in the REVIEW last year that we wanted to have some for our class this year. Many of us tried; but whenever any boy read his aloud in class, the others laughed.

There are all sorts of boys in our class. Some are good at nearly everything. Some are good at sports, and some are quiet and do nothing. Of course, a few are good at studies only, but we seem to like the sports better.

Murray and Leprohon are the two best guides for that beautiful trip down to the Prefect's office. Those who take the trip sometimes supply the music themselves.

Murray has a Ford car now. He says he is going to be a "Speed King." We play football, hockey and a little of every game. We call Décary, Atwood, Basserman and Abry our heavy-weights; but Hough and de Salaberry are the really heavy men. Leprohon is a wonderful hockey player, and Murray and Mackenzie are good, too, but Mackenzie is always talking in a game.

Our best cartoonist is Leprohon. He can draw like lightning, and we think that when he grows up he will draw for some paper. He has gone out West now with his father who is recruiting a regiment for the war.

Donohue is our champion joker; Mackenzie comes a close second.

Our two quietest boys are Atwood and Rolland. They are never absent and they get about 95-95 every week. They always know their lessons.

Some of us can't do fractions. We get things all mixed up. English Grammar also is hard. We like Geography and stories. We all think we will pass the exams.

This year we were going to have a great picnic, but we are afraid now, for we have not been very good. We hope Mr. Gaynor will give it to us all the same.

Our altar is the pride of the class. There is a fine statue of Our Lady and candles and flowers. James Whalen is our treasurer, and takes care of the money we give for flowers.

We are going to work hard to please our kind teacher, Mr. Gaynor, and to go up to the next class after the holidays.

MORRIS DAVIS.

NOTES

On May 3rd, Rev. Father McCarthy, S.J., left Loyola to take up new duties at St. Stanislaus' Novitiate, Guelph, Ont. For many years Father McCarthy has been on the Loyola staff as professor of Rhetoric and at one time as Prefect. Since last August he has been Minister of the College. In his work, both at Loyola and at the Royal Victoria Hospital, of which he was chaplain, Father McCarthy has won for himself by his whole-hearted kindness and gentleness of manner a host of friends who sincerely regret his departure from Montreal and whose good wishes follow him to his new field of labour.

Mr. Joseph Leahy, S.J., who taught at Loyola from 1909 till 1913, and has since been pursuing his theological studies at the College of the Immaculate Conception in this city, will be ordained priest this summer.

On the occasion of a business trip to Toronto, representatives of the LOYOLA COLLEGE REVIEW were the objects of particular attention and courtesy on the part of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company. We wish to express our genuine appreciation of these services for which we are indebted to Mr. E. J. Hébert, on behalf of the Company.

The REVIEW likewise acknowledges its indebtedness to the Rev. E. J. Devine, S.J., The Hamilton Company, Mr. F. J. Topp, Mr. D. Gallery.

We beg to call the special attention of our readers to the announcements of our advertisers.



Ebrius quidam birotam velocissimam obequitans, in viatorem offendit, qui in eum iure increpat:

-Num orbus es, pessume?

-Quinimo duplicata quum videam, inter duos vos transire cupiebam.

("Alma Roma").

COLLEGE ATHLETICS

COLLEGE FIELD-DAY

The Loyola College Amateur Athletic Association held its tenth successful Annual Field-Day at the M.A.A.A. Grounds on Tuesday, September 28th.

Though the cold weather handicapped the one hundred and seventy-one contestants to some extent, yet they were in splendid condition, and no less than six records were broken and one equalled.

Owing to the large number of entries, the heats of the various races and many of the field-events, such as the pole-vault, kicking the football, and the hop-step-and-jump, were held in the morning. The finals of the track events, the high jump, putting the shot, and the broad jump, were the features of the afternoon.

A large gathering of pupils, graduates, and friends of the College were present to see and encourage the sports, and despite the cold, remained until the last event had been contested.

A new tinge of interest was added to the field-day as the entire proceeds were devoted to the benefit of the Loyola Old Boys who are serving the Empire at the front.

John O'Neill Gallery, for the fourth successive year, captured the individual aggregate trophy presented by the Professors of the College. He broke three records and equalled another. His time of 10 1-5 seconds for the Hundred Yards is worthy of note as a very creditable college record. In all, he scored thirty-six points, nearly twice as many as his nearest competitor. The other record breakers were Thomas Bracken (Pole-Vault), N. Timmins (Shot-Put), and W. Antliff (High Jump). F. Kearns had no difficulty in taking the honours in the junior section, thus winning the junior trophy.

The members of the L.C.A.A.A. wish to thank the friends of the college and the officials, to whom, in great measure, must be attributed the unprecedented success of the Tenth Annual Field-Day.

GORDON M. CARLIN, '17.

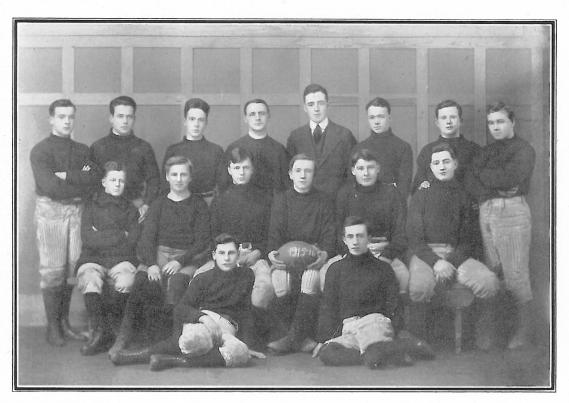
OFFICIALS

Referee: Gordon C. Bowie

Judges of Track Events

T. J. CarlindV. ScullyM. J. McCrory

Dr. J. G. McCarthy Wm. P. Kearney Dr. B. Conroy



INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL TEAM



ANNUAL FIELD-DAY

Judges of Field Events

R. C. Howe		G. H. Semple D. R. Walsh
A. W. McBain		
S. Owens		H. Hyland
W. Caven		W. Merrill
	D 0 11	

D. Gallery

Time Keepers

L. Rubenstein	R. E. Melville
G. A. Coughlin	H. Kavanagh
E. Coughlin	D. McDonald

Scorers

W. S. Gaynor	R. W. Kramer
H. McLaughlin	P. J. McCrory
J. C. B. Walsh	R. C. Casgrain

Clerks of Course

W. R. Roughton	C. Bermingham
L. McKenna	A. J. McDonald
L. Bradley	F. Burke

Starter: Fred Davidson

Announcer: W. R. Armstrong

L. C. A. A. A. Games Committee

J. H	I. Keenan, S.J., Moderator C. Poirier, Secretary		S. McDonald, President R. Dooner, Treasurer
		Directors	
	F. Hudon		G. Lonergan
	T. Walsh		J. D. Kearney

J. Gallery

DONORS TO THE LOYOLA COLLEGE A.A.A. 1914-15

H. McLaughlin

The Rev. Rector, Rev. J. C. Brophy, D.D., Mrs. E. C. Amos, Mr. A. Ross, Henry Birks & Sons, Mr. L. Bradley, Mr. F. R. Burke, Mr. W. S. Gaynor, Mr. D. Gallery, Mr. J. Whalen, Mr. W. McVey, Dr. J. G. McCarthy, Mr. A. McGarr, Montreal A.A.A., Mr. and Mrs. N. A. Timmins, Mr. W. Scully, Mr. D. R. Walsh, Mr. J. C. B. Walsh, Mr. L. Cuddihy, Mr. Wm. Kearney, Lieut.-Col. H. J. Trihey, Mr. C. F. Smith, Mr. P. J. McCrory, Mr. D. M. Coughlin.

SENIOR FOOTBALL

This year our Senior team achieved uninterrupted success. Strengthened by the appearance of most of the veterans, and also by an encouraging array of new men, our squad was a very promising one. Among the disappointing features of the season, however, was the unusually large number of mishaps sustained by the players, foremost among which was a serious accident which kept Gallery out of the game for the whole season. Nor could the team at any time show its best form, owing to the lack of opponents of their own class. As we did not belong to any league, most of our challenges were met with the answer that schedules were full and all available dates bespoken. But the Committee has taken a wise step towards the removal of this ever-recurring difficulty, and it is to be hoped that next year lack of games will be a story of the past. During the season application was made for admission into the Intermediate Inter-Collegiate Association, and at present everything points to our future membership. Our entrance into this well-known League will raise the standard of football at Loyola.

During the season three games were played. In none of them were our players called upon to put forth their best efforts to win. Our first game, on Thanksgiving Day, with Montreal High School, afforded the opportunity of trying out new men, and proved to us that our expectations of them were not unfounded. After a one-sided and listless encounter, the score stood 42–0 in our favour. Among the veterans, Kearney, as Captain, showed his usual good judgment, while among the newcomers, Enright did some sensational tackling.

Shortly afterwards, we met Montreal High School for the second time. The soggy and heavy condition of the field made brilliant play impossible, but our superior weight easily held our opponents in check. The final score was 36—0.

Our third game, on October 21st, was with Westmount High School, and was marked rather by individual play than by team-work. Again we won without difficulty, by a score of 11—1.

The Loyola team this year was as follows:—	
Flying Wing	.A. Tellier
L. Half	.F. McGillis
C. Half	.S. McDonald
R. Half	.C. E. Poirier
Quarter	. J. D. Kearney (Capt.)
L. O. W	
L. M. W	.R. J. Dooner
L. I. W	.J. Ryan.
L. S	.C. Phelan
C. S	.E. Amos
R. S	
R. O. W	.M. Enright
R. M. W	. N. Timmins
R. I. W	. J. Coughlin

C. E. POIRIER, '16.

INTERMEDIATE FOOTBALL

The Intermediate Football Team played a series of friendly games with the Catholic High School, and were the winners of two out of the three played.

The first game was played on the Shamrock Grounds. Closely contested from start to finish, it resulted in a victory for the C.H.S., by the small margin of 6—5.

The second and third games were played on the M.A.A.A. Grounds. The second was rather devoid of interest, both teams playing more for the man than for the ball. The final score was 16—9. In the final encounter both teams showed marked improvement. The play was fast and vigorous and held the attention of the spectators throughout. At half-time the score was 5—5. A few moments before the end of the second period, Jackson managed to cross the line, Trihey converted, and thus Loyola secured the victory by a score of 11—5.

The Team

T-1 . TWY.	
Flying Wing	J. Jackson
L. Half	C. Trihev (Cant)
C. Half	G. Lonergan
R. Half	
Quarter	H. McLaughlin
L. O. W	A. McArthur
L. M. W	E. McGarr
L. I. W	
L. S	
C. S	
R. S	
R. O. W	E. Coughlin
R. M. W	E. Chabot
R. I. W	
Spare	R Anglin
	rangiiii

SWIMMING

On November 6th, 1915, the Montreal Schools Swimming Association held the first test of the season at the M.A.A.A. Baths. Of the eighty-four who took part in the test, sixteen were Loyola students, all of whom succeeded in obtaining certificates:—

100 YARDS.

E. McGarr .				1	min.	29	sec.
I. Clément				1	"	30	"
W. Quirk .				1	"	33章	"
G. Mahoney				1	**	38	"

T. Quirk .				1	"	38 "
C. Downs				1	"	38 = "
F. Carlin .				1	"	40 ''
W. McKenna				1	"	41 "
L. Timmins.				1	"	46 "
E. Amos				1	"	46 1 "
C. Coughlin				1	"	51 "
L. Kelly.				1	"	57 "
T. Brodeur .				2	"	$5\frac{4}{5}$ "
J. McGarry				2	"	31 "
F. Shortall .				2	"	38 3 "
W. Doran				3	"	56 "

A silver cup was presented by N. A. Timmins to be awarded as an aggregate prize to the competitor in the bi-weekly handicaps having the greatest number of points to his credit; while L. H. Timmins donated silver spoons, bearing the Loyola Arms, to be awarded to the winners in the finals.

W. Quirk, who has already won several cups in diving exhibitions, carried off the Timmins Trophy by the small margin of one point over E. McGarr. The following is the standing of the competitors for the aggregate prize:—

W. Quirk .						24
E. McGarr						23
N. Timmins						20
F. Carlin	,			-		16
H. McGarr			4.			16
C. Downs						13
R. Dillon .						7
E. Amos						5
W. McKenna	2		٠.			5
L. Timmins						5

Results of the finals:-

- 100 Yards (Senior): N. Timmins (scr.), E. McGarr (18), C. Downs (38).
 Time: 1 min. 6 sec.
- 100 Yards (Junior): W. Quirk (scr.), F. Carlin (6), R. Dillon (9). Time: 1 min. 27 sec.
- 60 Yards (Senior): R. Dillon (20), C. Downs (17), N. Timmins (scr.), E. McGarr (19), C. Coughlin (27). Time 58 sec.
- 40 Yards (Junior): F. Carlin (5), H. McGarr (4), T. Quirk (4), W. Quirk (scr.), G. Mahoney (6). Time: 35 sec.
- 50 Yards (Senior): E. McGarr (6), C. Downs (13), N. Timmins (scr.). Time: 35 sec.
- 50 Yards (Junior): F. Carlin (6), W. Quirk (scr.), H. McGarr (4). Time: 40 sec.

On December 3rd, N. Timmins represented the Loyola swimmers at the official opening of the Rubenstein Public Baths and established a high record



SENIOR SWIMMERS



JUNIOR SWIMMERS

by swimming the 60 Yards in $30\frac{4}{5}$ seconds. At the opening of the Knights of Columbus Baths, eight Loyola boys were entered in the various events. N. Timmins easily took first place in the 40 Yards, while W. Quirk carried off the honours in the diving contest.

SENIOR HOCKEY

LEAGUE GAMES.

Jan. 14th-vs. Shamrocks.

After the Christmas holidays, during which our team scored several notable victories in exhibition games, the first league match was played against Shamrocks. The McGill game, which was the first on the schedule, had been postponed. Gallery, Kearney and McDonald were away on account of illness. In the first half, Shamrocks scored two goals, but in the second half, our players settled down and secured the victory by the score 3–2.

Jan. 21st-vs. Victorias.

The reappearance of the men who had been unable to play in the first match augured well for the game against Victorias. This time, however, Timmins, our strong defence man, was ill. We made a very poor showing in the first-half and the Vics. scored on us five times. In the second half we played much better and made a determined effort, but we could not overcome the lead gained by our opponents. The game ended with the score 6–3.

Jan. 28th-vs. M.A.A.A.

On January 28th, M.A.A.A. had no difficulty in defeating us. They played fast hockey and worked extremely hard. Our play was very ragged and there was a noticeable lack of energy on the part of our team. This may have been due in part to the fact that some of our players, after their recent illness, were not in the best of condition. The final score was 4-2.

Feb. 4th-vs. McGill.

In our next scheduled match, we secured an easy victory over McGill. We were in better form and played better hockey than in our previous games, but McGill was a weak team, and it was difficult to say whether we could yet cope with Victorias or M.A.A.A. In this game Gallery scored 3, McLaughlin 2, Lonergan 1.

Feb. 10th-vs. Shamrocks.

The result of the next game was a surprise. The final score was 9-0 for Loyola. We expected to win, but in spite of our victory over McGill, our showing against Victorias and M.A.A.A. had been so wretched, and our first struggle with Shamrocks so close, that even the most enthusiastic supporters of the College scarcely expected us to secure such a signal victory The

ability of our players was never doubted, but a display of energy and vigour was something unusual. The scorers were McLaughlin 3, Lonergan 2, McDonald, Timmins, McGillis and Trihey 1 each.

Feb. 15th-vs. M.A.A.A.

The second meeting with M.A.A.A., the leading team of the league, caused great excitement. This was to be the real test of our team. The game was well contested throughout and ended in a tie, 2–2. Loyola played well, but again there was an evident lack of energy and hard work. Gallery and McLaughlin each scored one goal.

Feb. 22nd-vs. Victorias.

Our return match with the Victoria team was a great surprise. We expected a strenuous contest, but the Vics. seemed unable to withstand our rushes. They were certainly not playing up to their usual form. The speed, back-checking and strong shooting of our players gave Loyola a decided victory. Score 5-0. Lonergan 2, McDonald 1, Gallery 1, McLaughlin 1.

Feb. 25th-vs. McGill.

We now had well founded hopes of securing the championship of the League. Should M.A.A.A. be defeated in their game with Victorias on Feb. 29th, and also in the play-off of the tie of February 15th, M.A.A.A. and Loyola would have an equal chance for first place. Of course, we had to win all our other games. The postponed game with McGill, which was played on Feb. 25th, nearly destroyed our new hopes. Two of our regulars were absent and several were again indisposed. The game was a wretched exhibition. However, we managed to win out by a narrow margin, 3-2. Lonergan scored twice and McGillis once.

Feb. 29th-Vics. vs. M.A.A.A.

The next Junior League game between Vics. and M.A.A.A. deserves mention here, since our chances for the championship depended upon its outcome. Starting the game with some of their best men absent and with only six players, the Victorias secured a lead of one goal and this they managed to maintain despite the desperate efforts of M.A.A.A. Everything now depended on ourselves; the Victoria team had done what it could for us by defeating our formidable rivals.

March 7th—vs. M.A.A.A.

On this date, the tie of Feb. 15th was played off. There was no scoring in the first half. After the interval of rest, the play was very close but finally McLaughlin scored. There was some discussion as to whether the puck had entered the net. The game was continued, however; there was no further scoring. A protest was afterwards entered by M.A.A.A. but the Executive of the League decided that our goal be allowed, and the game stand as played.

Feb. 14th-vs. M.A.A.A.

We were now even with M.A.A.A. for first place. An unusual number of spectators went to the Arena to witness the final struggle. The play was too close to be spectacular, but it was always interesting and exciting. At the beginning of the match both teams were over eager, and many chances were missed and many mistakes made. Soon, however, the playing became steadier. After about ten minutes of play, Gallery scored on his favourite side shot. The advantage was soon lost. M.A.A.A. tied the score a few moments later. In the second half the play was much better. The puck was carried from end to end and the goalers were called upon again and again to stop some dangerous shots. It was McLaughlin who finally scored the winning goal which gave Loyola the championship of the Junior Amateur Hockey Association of Canada.

PATRIOTIC GAME

When the College had won the championship of the Junior Amateur Hockey Association of Canada, it was proposed to play a game in aid of the Canadian Patriotic Fund. The Sons of Ireland, champions of the Quebec City League, who had come to Montreal to play for the Ross Trophy, generously consented to prolong their stay in the city, to play an exhibition game with our team. A very interesting game was predicted, and five or six hundred spectators were present.

Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Trihey, Officer Commanding the Irish-Canadian Rangers, faced the puck. From the beginning of the game the College team set the pace, but the visitors scored the first goal. A few moments later, McLaughlin, by a clever shot, evened the score, and soon after, made it two to one in our favour. There was no more scoring during this period. Soon after coming out for the second period, the Loyola boys settled down to work, and three goals were scored in quick succession despite the strong resistance of the opposing team. Sons of Ireland then scored one, and the period ended with our team leading by three points. During the last period the visitors rallied, and the College fell back on the defence; but when a goal was scored against us, our forwards again worked their way up the ice, and by clever team work scored the final goal. The game ended with the score six to three in favour of Loyola, and was one of the cleanest and best of the season.

The scorers for the College were McLaughlin 3, Lonergan 2, Gallery 1. One of the Montreal morning papers, speaking of this game, said: "From the manner in which the Loyola team played last night, they could have beaten any of the teams who competed for the Ross Trophy this season."—(The Gazette).

During the intervals between the periods of this game, a very clever exhibition of fancy skating was given by Miss Jeanne Chevalier, assisted by Misses McDougal, Thibaudeau, Tait and Wilson. These well-known society young ladies, who are considered to be amongst the most accomplished fancy skaters in Canada, performed the celebrated Butterfly Skating Ballet with grace and artistic finish, winning the enthusiastic applause of the large crowd of spectators.

Before the opening of the League season, an exhibition game was played by the Seniors at Sherbrooke against the strong local team. The play was fast and marked by effective combination.

Score: Loyola, 5; Sherbrooke, 4.

Two Intermediate teams, as a result of a series of games against Catholic High School, retained possession of both the Davis and the Guerin Cups.

A new organisation, the Intramural League, provided unfailing interest throughout the year, especially to the boarders. Games were played Tuesday and Thursday afternoons, and Wednesday evenings. The "Winners" carried off the Senior honours, while the "Bouquets" were champions of the Junior section.

JOHN M. CUDDY, '17.

THE TEAM

Dooner—In goals, was one of the team's strong points. Much was hoped for from him at the beginning of the season, but, with the exception of a few games, he surpassed all expectations. He showed plenty of nerve and quickness, and was at all times reliable. Played brilliantly in the Championship game.

Timmins (Defence)—Has a strong shot, but is liable to over-skate the puck when rushing. Makes effective use of his great weight, besides showing remarkable speed and energy.

McDonald (Defence)—Played a strong game. Generally reliable at checking. Hard worker at all times. Occasionally slow when fast work is needed, though his rushes are frequently successful. Can be tempted from his position at critical moments.

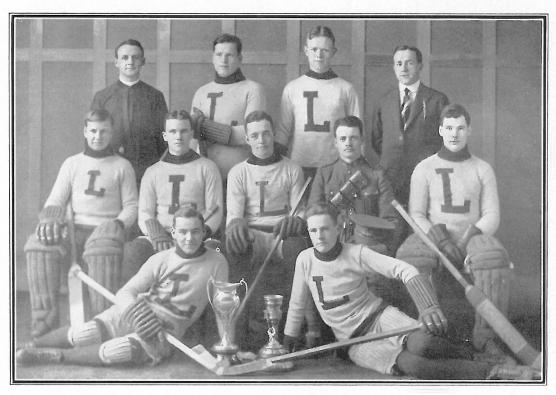
Gallery (Forward)—Fastest man on the team. Noted for his ability to check back. A hard man to get by. Sometimes his aggressiveness causes detriment to the team. A powerful shot.

McLaughlin (Forward)—Plays a very speedy game. Shows remarkable skill at stick-handling. Plays a good combination with Gallery. This season, lacked accuracy and strength in his shot.

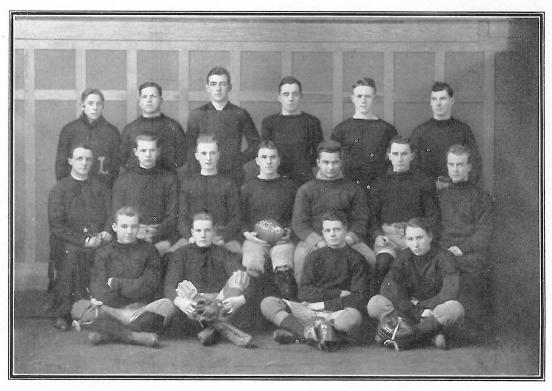
Kearney (Forward)—Always can be relied upon, and was a source of confidence. Keeps cool and plays a steady game. Listless and not infrequently out of his place.

Lonergan (Forward)—Though strong every other way, slightly lacking in speed, but his stick-handling and dodging more than compensate for this. His checking is a feature, making him no less effective on the defence than on the forward line.

McGillis (Forward)—Energetic, but sometimes unsteady. Keeps to his position, and is very generous with the puck.



SENIOR HOCKEY TEAM Champions of the Junior Amateur Hockey Association of Canada



SENIOR FOOTBALL TEAM

Tellier—A reliable defence man. Fast skater and good checker. An efficient substitute, whose play is liable to be marred by irritability.

L. Timmins (Substitute goaler)—Though young, a steady and skilful player.

Trihey—Neat and clever player. Good right-hand shot. One of the most promising substitutes.

CHARLES C. PHELAN, '19.

TENNIS

Encouraged by the success of the tournament of the previous year, the Tennis Committee for 1915–1916 decided to hold a second annual tournament on the courts of the M.A.A.A. It was, moreover, decided to have a "single" class, as well as a "double" class. The number of entries received proved that this new step was fully justified. The tournament lasted from June 1st until July 15th.

As in the previous year, the competitors in the "doubles" were divided into two classes, "A" and "B", and lots were so drawn that every man of class "A" had as partner a man of class "B." By this means the matches were made very close, and there were few of the preliminaries that did not go three sets.

The tournament soon wound its way down to the finals, with R. Kramer and R. Bouchette matched against A. Weitekamp and M. Doherty. This match was played before quite a crowd of spectators and proved the most interesting of the tournament. The play was close and exciting. However, Kramer's brilliant play and Bouchette's carefulness finally won them the honours of the tournament by three sets to one.

The "singles" proved the better part of the tournament. In order to even up the play in this, it was decided to handicap the competitors. This involved considerable work, but the Committee was amply repaid by the success of the tournament. In the semi-finals R. Dillon defeated V. Noonan, and J. Kearney defeated R. Kramer. Both of these matches created the utmost excitement; in the first, the steadiness and experience of Dillon proved too much for young Noonan, who, nevertheless, gave brilliant promise for coming years. The other match of the semi-finals was, without doubt, the most interesting of the tournament, as in it were matched the best players in the College. Kramer showed brilliant and clever play, which, however, was slightly shaded by the style and sureness exhibited by Kearney. In regard to handicap, both were evenly matched, and Kearney won out after three very close sets.

The finals between Dillon and Kearney, though played on a day not altogether favourable to tennis, were very exciting. Five sets were played with the closest score in the tournament, 8—6, 4—6, 11—9, 7—9 and 7—5. Kearney, of course, was playing under a big handicap, as he was minus 30, and Dillon was plus 15. Dillon's playing was steady and careful, and called forth some of the best form which Kearney has ever shown. Finally, however, Kearney won out after a strenuous contest.

Handsome prizes were presented to the winners by the kindness of our Moderator, Mr. J. H. Keenan, S.J.

The congratulations and thanks of our Association were also due to Mr. J. D. Kearney, who not only brought honour on himself but also on the College by going forth and defeating some of the best players in the Province of Quebec, thus winning the Championship of the Montreal Amateur Athletic Association. Mr. Kearney was subsequently elected a member of the Tennis Committee of the M.A.A.A.

The Tennis Committee for 1915-1916 is planning an interesting season and hopes to be able to arrange several outside matches after the tournament.

S. McDONALD, '16.

BASEBALL

Unfortunately, we cannot do more than forecast the prospects for the present Baseball season. As the REVIEW goes to press just about the time the season opens, it is impossible to give any account of the games played.

However, we are pleased to say that with our present wealth of material, the prospects for a successful season are extremely bright. So many first class men have turned out to the call of glove and bat, that picking a nine will be no easy task. It is true that we have lost some of our best men from last year's team. Notable among these is our ex-star pitcher, Ray Kramer, who deserves a word here. He not only won all the games he pitched for us, but, after the College closed, he donned an M.A.A.A. uniform, and pitched that team to victory in the City and District League—no mean achievement.

Vacant places, however, are being vigorously contested by new men who bid fair to fill them as well as those who are gone. Although the campus at the New College is not yet ready, we were fortunate in securing the M.A.A.A. grounds earlier than usual this year. This means more numerous and snappier practices, and consequently a better team than would be possible were we forced to practice in one of the public parks.

Nineteen-sixteen promises to be a banner year in the annals of Loyola baseball, as many of the difficulties that in past years have hampered our enthusiasts are now removed, and conditions are more than favourable.

One game is reported from the New College, where on May 13th the Junior Philosophers won from the Seniors, 10—7. Batteries: Seniors: R. Coughlin, Kearney and King; Juniors: Gallery and Bracken.

JOHN M. COUGHLIN, '16.

BASKETBALL

Owing to the cold spring weather, the opening of the 1916 Basketball season has been considerably delayed. As soon as the weather became promising, two leagues were formed and a schedule was arranged. In order to balance the advantages of numbers and quality in the Philosophy team of the Senior Inter-class League, it was decided to allow Rhetoric and Humanities to draw

upon the High School for players. The teams are now very evenly balanced, and at the time of writing, the race for honours has become close and interesting.

The Junior League is composed of four independent teams. They never fail to draw a loyal crowd of supporters, and many have shown excellent form.

SENIORS

PHILOSOPHY	RHETORIC	HUMANITIES
C. E. Poirier (Capt.)	J. Ryan (Capt.)	J. Wolfe (Capt.)
F. Bussière	T. Walsh	P. Pacaud
G. Carlin	F. Hudon	M. Pye
H. Doyle	G. Lonergan	M. Enright
J. Gallery	N. Timmins	C. McDonald

JUNIORS

"WINNERS"	"SHAMROCKS"	"RED SOX"	"INDEPENDENTS"
		F. Courtney (Capt.)	
W. McGee	G. McNamee	R. Robinson	V. Silvester
T. Brodeur	A. Roy	W. Doran	J. Hanlon
M. Mulvena	M. Davis	E. Brannen	J. de Salaberry
A. Rousseau	S. McGarr	R. Rinfret	J. Atwood

C. E. POIRIER, '16.





FINAL RESULTS OF FIELD-DAY EVENTS

OPEN TO SCHOOLS AND COLLEGES:							
<u> </u>						Distance.	Record
Events.	First.	Second.	Third.		Height.		
100 yds. dash	J. Gallery	J. King	F. Bussière	10 1-5 sec.		• • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • • •	10 1-5 {P. Murphy, 1912. J. Gallery, 1915.
100 yds. dash (under 16)	B. Brown	A. Tellier	F. Kearns	11 sec.			11 sec., B. Brown, 1915.
High Jump	W. Antliff	E. Mulcair	F. Bussière		. 5 ft. 5 in.		5 ft. 5 in., W. Antliff, 1915.
OPEN TO COLLEGE: 100 mls dels I College E Bussière I D King 10 4-5 sec. 10 1-5 sec., J. Gallery, 1914.							
100 yds. dash	J. Gallery	F. Bussière	J. D. King	10 4-5 sec. 23 sec.			23 secs., J. Gallery, 1915.
220 yds. dash	J. Gallery J. D. King	J. D. King J. Gallery	F. Bussière F. Bussière	17 sec.			
			E. Chabot	17 1-5 sec.			16 2-5 A. C. McRay, 1898. R. Martin, 1913.
120 yds. Hurdles	J.M.Coughlin						5 mins. 5 sec. F. F. Shallow, 1900.
One Mile	E. Duckett	J. D. King J.M.Coughlin	E. McGarr	5. mins 24 2-5 sec.		20 ft. 11 in.	20 ft. 11 in., J. Gallery, 1915.
Long Jump	J. Gallery J. Gallery	J.M.Coughlin				38 ft. 6 in.	40 ft. J. Gallery, 1914.
Pole Vault	T. Bracken	J.D. Kearney	J. D. King		8 ft. 4 in.		8 ft. 4 in., T. Bracken, 1915.
Putting Shot	N. Timmins	R. Dooner	J. D. King			32 ft. 8 1-2 in.	32 ft. 8 1-2 in., N. Timmins, 1915. 168 ft., J. Gallery, 1915.
Kicking Football	J. Gallery	C. E. Poirier	S. McDonald			100 11.	194
100	4 CT 11:	1 M 1 -1		R SIXTEEN YEA	IRS:		11 3-5 sec. D. McArthur, 1913. A. Tellier, 1914.
100 yds. dash	A. Tellier	A. McArthur					26 1-5 sec., G. Noonan, 1914.
220 yds. dash	F. Kearns	A. Tellier	D. Dineen A. Tellier	27 secs. 1.06 2-5.			58 sec. G. Noonan, 1914.
440 yds. dash	F. Kearns J. Jackson	D. Dineen F. Kearns	A. Walsh				2 mins. 26 sec., G. Noonan, 1914.
Long Jump	F. Kearns	J. Jackson	A. Chabot			16 ft. 10 in.	16 ft. 10 in., F. Kearns, 1915.
Bicycle Race (1-2 mile)	L. Timmins	J. Phillips	F. Carlin	2 mins. 1-2 sec.			1 min. 20 4-5 sec., C. Downs, 1914.
UNDER 14 YEARS.							
100 yds. dash	J. Spelman		G. McNamee	14 secs. 2.56 1-5.			11 4-5 sec., F. Kearns, 1914. 2 min. 38 2-5 sec., F. Kearns, 1914.
880 yds. dash Bicycle Race (1-2 mile)	E. Byrne G. Timmins	G. McNamee	IVI. I ellier				1 min. 30 1-5 sec. F. Connolly, 1914.
Bicycle Race (1-2 mile) G. Timmins 1 min. 30 1-5 sec. F. Connolly, 1914. UNDER 12 YEARS:							
100 yds. dash	M. Tellier	P. Massé	W. Quirk	13 2-5.			13 2-5 sec., M. Tellier, 1915.
Potato Race	P. Massé	H. Quinn	P. Casey				
UNDER 10 YEARS:							
100 yds. dash	F. O'Grady	C. Davis	H. Quinn	15 4-5 secs.	• • • •		15 4-5 sec., F. O'Grady, 1915.
One Mile Relay Race H. S. Course	let Grammar	2nd Grammar	3rd Grammar	4 mins. 7 sec.			4 min. 6 sec., 1st Grammar, 1914.
Arts Course	Philosophy	Humanities	Rhetoric	3 mins. 4-5 sec.			3 min. 4-5 sec., Philosophy, 1915.

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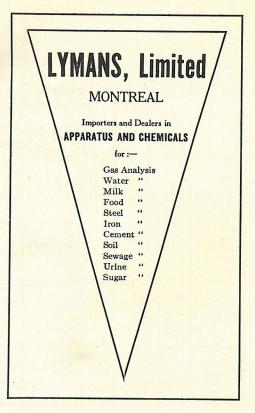
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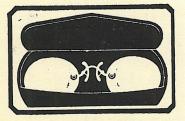
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